

The Immortal Poetry & Mir Anis

(with a versified translation of the Marsiya of Mir Anis)

ABRIDGED

Syed Ghulam Abbas

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Chapter 1, About the Author

"Authors", remarked Schopenhauer aptly "may be divided into falling stars, planets and fixed stars, the first have a momentary effect; the second a much longer duration, and the third are unchangeable possess their own light, and shine for all time." In my considered opinion, Prof. Abbas, by virtue of this work, deserves to be placed in the third category of the authors as defined by Schopenhauer. Unique and unrivalled as this work is, I am confident that it will bring to its author not only a universal applause but a recognition too. The very concept of unfading fame for authorship led Thomas Carlyle, an eminent essayist and a great literary figure, to assert that the "Authors are martyrs, witness to the truth or else nothing".

The greatness of the poetry of Mir Anis lies in the fact that it is based on truth. The whole material of marsiya springs from historical facts relating to the martyrdom of Hazrat Imam Husain and his faithful companions on 10th of Moharram, 61st Hijra, on the sizzling sand of Karbala. Mir Anis, through the power of his poetry wove these facts into his mar8iasy thus painting with utmost truth the portraits of the "Chief of Martyrs" as well as his kinsmen and comrades thus paying them the most glowing tribute for their heroic deeds and noble ideals. Mr. Abbas went one step forward when he rendered into English the whole of this marsiya and that too in the poetical fore

Apart from a comprehensive history of marsiya in different languages of the East which is doubtlessly a research work of a high quality this book also contains a marsiya of Mir Anis versified into English* It is indeed a work of exceptional merit. To my mind, it is not only a happy addition to the English literature but an innovation.

This is not the first work of Professor Abbas. He was a co-author of the book entitled "Life". This book earned a good deal of applause from the readers especially the readers of the Western world. Prior to that, he contributed his share to the publication of "Gems of Wisdom Another book of the learned author entitled "Dr. Mahmood Husain: Aik Idara, Aik Tehrik" is under print these days. In addition to these books, other books of the author ready for print are "From Madina to Damascus" and "Fundamentals of Faith?"

Born in the year in 1939 at Allahabad one of the famous towns of India, Mr. Syed Ghulam Abbas was the only son of Mr. S. Ansar Husain, a Police Inspector in U. P, Police. He died a premature death in 1944 when his son was hardly five years of age. Thus, after the death of his father he was brought up by his mother who was a true replica of affection, tenderness and care. Mr. Abbas passed his Matriculation Examination in 1953. Then his education was disturbed for a year. But it was on the persuasion of his mother that he revived his education. He graduated in 1958 from Ewing Christian College, Allahabad. Then he passed M.A. in English in 1961 from the University of Allahabad. Family circumstances forced him to migrate to Pakistan the same year. In Pakistan, he settled at Karachi. Soon after his arrival in Karachi, he joined Jamia Millia College as a Lecturer in English. He is still attached with this institution. Mr. Abbas did another M.A in English Language from the University of Karachi. Afterwards, he passed B. Ed. and M. Ed. Examinations from the same University. To his credit, he has the teaching experience of foreign countries. He taught in London at school for about a couple of years. Later on, he served Teachers* Training College, Taif, Saudi Arabia, for a term of three years. He is also a widely travelled person

He has visited many European and Middle Eastern countries. As travel is one of the main sources of education, therefore his outlook is widened. As regards languages. Professor Abbas has attained proficiency in English, Urdu and Hindi languages. At the same time, he has an acquaintance with Arabic and Persian languages. He is also gifted with the talents of composing poetry.

This book is most certainly a scholarly work in which the versified translation of the marsiya of Mir Anis is nothing short of a miracle. During the long British rule and for more than three decades of the post-independence period of India and Pakistan, there had been no dearth of persons conversant with the English language. But, none could accomplish this task. There is no denying the fact that attempts were made in the past but nothing significant came out. Anis, despite all the greatness and richness of his poetry, has remained obscure in the western World.

Prof. Abbas is indeed the first person who has accomplished this task most successfully and has endeavoured to introduce the poet in the most befitting manner. But it does not mean that there is no need for further improvement. From another point of view, his work is equally appreciable. Formidable, challenging and time-consuming as the work was, the learned author took about two years to complete it.

It will not be out of place to mention here that in addition to being an authentic history of the development of marsiya in different ages, this book provides a fund of knowledge about the religious, political, cultural, social and literary events during the ages marsiya has had its emergence. Further, there is a detailed discussion of some of the eminent personalities having direct and indirect relation ship with marsiya and Mir Anis. He has discussed and presented everything in the most objective way.

In the second part of the book which deals with the versified translation of the marsiya, the author has been exceptionally superb. There are sixtains in English which appear to be as original in beauty and sublimity of thought as the sixtains of Anis. Moreover, Professor Abbas has made his own coinages. But his most remarkable contribution is the ingenuity of a form, because no form as such had existed before. He made it all possible when English is not his mother tongue.

It is also heartening that this work has seen the light of day *in* 1404 Hijra. Hijra 4 is the year of the birth of Imam Husain. Thus, when the world, is going to celebrate the 14th centenary of his birth. This book is published.

S. Mahmood al-Hasan Rizvi
Secretary, Majlis Milli, Karachi, Pakistan
October 15th, 1983

Chapter 2, Author's Acknowledgements

It was Voltaire who defined poetry as the 'music of the soul and above all, of great and feeling souls?' Beyond doubt, the poetry of Mir Anis is not only the poetry of soul but of feeling souls too. One who is unfortunately, not gifted with a feeling soul, cannot understand his poetry, let alone its appreciation. Chapin, another great literary critic, was very right when he remarked : 'Poetry is the utterance of truth,—deep heart-felt truth. The true poet is very near the oracle.' What Chapin said was seconded by Thoreau who asserted that "Poetry implies the whole truth, philosophy expresses a particle of it."

Indeed, the greatest merit of the poetry of Anis is the expression of truth. Further, Matthew Arnold looked at poetry through a different angle when he said, "Poetry interprets in two way" by expressing with magical felicity the physiognomy and movements of the outer world ; and by expressing with inward conviction the ideas and laws of the inward." In fact, the poetry of Anis is a happy combination of the two.

The poetry of Anis has always been an inspiring force to me and its translation into English an ever cherished dream. I was acquainted with Anis when I was a mere lad of six or seven years, as the works of Anis were recited to the congregations each year. But my real interest in Anis was evoked by my learned Professor namely Mr. U. S. Varma who caught me English at the graduation level at Ewing Christian College Allahabad, U. P. India during the years 1956-1958. Professor Varma was a great admirer of Mir Anis and Mirza Ghalib. He was an unbounded sea of knowledge and I a mere drop, but by his valuable guidance the drop got merged into the ocean. Further, much on Anis was imparted by Professor Dr. Ejaz Husain, Head Department of Urdu, University of Allahabad who taught me a lot about marsiya and Anis besides treating me as affectionately as his own son. My faculty for the appreciation of poetry was considerably sharpened by Professor Raghupati Sahai, better known as Firaq Gorakpuri who taught me English Literature at M.A. classes. Himself a renowned poet of Urdu, Firaq taught me the evaluation of poetry and. while teaching, he quoted Anis as well. The other giants of the Department, of English, University of Allahabad were Professor S. C. Deb, Professor K.K. Mehrotra, Professor P. E. Dastoor, Professor Bacchan Professor R. N. Debt Prof. Y. Sabai, Professor J. S. Saksena, Professor J. K. Misra and Professor Iqbal Ahmad. These learned professors taught me bow to write English and I owe to them all whatever I have been able to learn. My compliments to Mr. Mohd. Aun alias 'Chabban Bhai' who taught me English at the Intermediate level. He was a great devotee to Imam Husain and an admirer of Mir Anis. I owe a lot to my learned Professor, Dr. Syed Ali Ashraf, former Head, Department of English. University of Karachi who taught me English at the M.A. level.

After passing M.A. circumstances forced me to settle in Karachi. Having been highly inspired from my teachers, I adopted teaching as a profession. During wore than two decades I could not lay my hand on Anis, despite my burning desire to introduce him to the West but during all these years, even for a moment, I did not feel myself unencumbered with the task of rendering his poetry into English. Regular recitation of the marsiyas of Anis has been my very very old practice. Once it so happened that I was browsing his first marsiya without any intention of translating it. The poetic inspiration started working in me. There appeared to be a gush of inspiration. As a result, sixtain after

sixtain, was metrically translated. When about forty sixtains were rendered into English, I showed them to some of my friends who did appreciate the attempt but they were skeptical about the completion of the entire marsiya containing 166 sixtains. The work in its very nature was difficult, especially when there existed no model. But the metrical rendering of the marsiya was accomplished within three months. In its accomplishment, the divine help mattered more than my talents and efforts.

Without it, a work as such, would have never been performed. My real difficulty lay because there existed nothing to guide me. Therefore, this work is honestly speaking, an addition, if not an innovation, to the English Literature.

The prime objective of this book is to introduce Mir Anis to the Western world. Secondly, this book may also be found useful for millions of such men and women who originally hail from India and Pakistan but who have permanently settled in America, Canada and other European countries. Thirdly, in hundred thousands there exist such men and women who are inspired and attracted by marsiya as well as by Mir Anis but, for want of their acquaintance with the oriental languages, they cannot approach it. Such people are in a large number in the African countries. This book I am sure will be found of immense use for them. I have tried my best to present Anis as ably as I could. But, if there are lapses these are the outcome of my own ignorance. They have nothing to do with Mir Anis. Despite my long association with the English language and its literature as a student and as a teacher, the fact remains that English is not my mother tongue.

Of equal importance is the history of marsiya writing in different languages. The elegiac literature in different languages is also poetically rendered into English. This is indeed a work of extraordinary labour. Perhaps no other book on this topic is as comprehensive as this book. Further, in its range, this work was formidable. This book covers the history of marsiya-writing for more than thousand years. Further, it was not as easy task to trace the changing trends and tastes during this long span of this time. Besides, the book deals with six languages. It was because of the non-availability of the material in the Panjabi, Pushtu, Baluchi and Seraiki languages that their marsiyas could not be accommodated. However, representative pieces of marsiyas in these languages will be added to the next edition. It is really heartening that the book contains a full fledged chapter on the Sindhi marsiya. The Sindhi literature is as rich and magnificent as its people are noble, generous and brave.

* * *

It's a pity that no proper introduction of Islam, the Holy Prophet and Imam Husain is made to the Western world. So far as the eternal truths of Islam and its revolutionary spirit are concerned, the Muslim scholars did write a lot but in a manner which remained unappealing to the West. Similarly, the dogmatic approach with which the majority of the Muslim historians wrote about the holy personage of the Prophet of Islam, made no significant impressions upon the Western mind. As regards Imam Husain, the grand-son of the Holy Prophet who rejuvenated Islam by his supreme sacrifice, a host of paid historians and chroniclers have tried to conceal the facts. Therefore, the Western historians are justified in regarding the Magna Carta as a milestone in the context of freedom and dignity of man, although it is but a poor thing as compared to the 'Farewell Address' of Prophet Mohammad on the eve of his pilgrimage many centuries before the declaration of Magna

Carta by King John of England in 1215 A.D. In a similar way, the Western historians are never tired of describing in hyperbolic terms the American Revolution of 1776, the French Revolution of 1789 and the Russian Revolution of 1917. They paint these revolutions with bright colours because they know little about the revolutions brought about by the Prophet of Islam and his grand-son Husain, the Saviour of Islam. Had our historians truly presented the revolutionary teachings of the Last Messenger of God and the supreme sacrifice of Husain in the arid desert of Karbala, the fair-minded persons of the West would have certainly known what the Holy Prophet had taught and practised and how Imam Husain had waged a battle against the heaviest odds. In fact, this battle has no parallel in the history of the world. But, despite the bias of many of our historians, and the overall ignorance of the West there are still some Western scholars and historians who have a fair idea of Islam, the Prophet of Islam and his grand-son. George Bernard Shaw one of the most prominent literateurs of his time and the person who considerably influenced his age, was not only all praise for Islam but he even prophesied that Islam would be the future religion of Europe. The following was his observation:

"If any religion has the chance of ruling over England, nay Europe, within the next 100 years, it can only be Islam. I have always held the religion of Mohammad in high estimation because of its vitality, it is the religion which appears to me to possess the assimilating capacity to the changing phase of existence which can make its appeal to every age."

Sir Thomas Arnold the great Headmaster of Rugby who was greatly esteemed and venerated for his spiritualism, corroborated with the views of G. B. Shaw and proclaimed,

"Islam which claims the allegiance of 700 million souls, is the only solution for all the ills of the world".

Among the notable writers and historians of the West who have paid glowing tributes to the person and achievements of the Prophet of Islam, the first and foremost is Edward Gibbon who wrote in his remarkable book entitled. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,

"Even at the zenith of his worldly power, the good sense of Mohammad despised the pomp of royalty ; the apostle of God submitted to the menial offices of the family : he kindled the fire, swept the floor, milked the ewes and mended with his own hands his woollen garments."

Carlyle a great literary figure and historian, thus paid homage to the Messenger of God:

"No emperor with his tiaras was obeyed more as this man in the cloak of his own clouting."

Arthur N. Wollaston recorded his sentiments:

"He (Mohammed) had commanded over the hearts of men such has never been surpassed rarely indeed equalled, in the history of mankind"

Washington Irving, a celebrated poet, wrote in his book entitled, Life of Mahomet,

“His military triumphs awakened no pride nor vainglory as they would have done, had they been effected for selfish purposes. In the time of his greatest power, he maintained the same simplicity of manners and appearance as in the days of his adversity.”

The writer of, History of Arabia, D. G. Hogarth, stated,

"Serious or trivial, his daily behaviour has instituted a canon which millions observe to this day with conscious memory. No one regarded by any section of the human race as Perfect Man has been imitated so minutely"

The following were the words of appreciation of Philip K. Hitti, the learned writer of 'The History of the Arabs'

“Within a brief span of mortal life, Mohammad called forth out of uncompromising material a nation never united before in a country that was hitherto but a geographical expression, he established a religion which in vast areas superseded Christianity and Judaism and still claims the adherence of a goodly portion of the human race?”

The Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition, described the Prophet of Islam,

“Of all the Prophets and religious personalities of the world, Mohammad was the most successful.”

Whereas the Encyclopaedia Britannica described the Holy Prophet as “the most successful” man. Michael H. Hart has regarded the Apostle of God as the most influential person. In his beautiful book entitled "The 100", Michael, though himself a Christian has given the top-most position to Mohammad (peace be upon him and his progeny). There are hundred persons who, according to the author have influenced this world. And the first four in the opinion of Michael H. Hart are:

1. Mohammad
2. Isaac Newton.
3. Jesus Christ,
4. Buddha.

With regard to the first position of the Prophet of Islam the learned author vindicates:

“I must emphasize that this is a list of the most influential persons in history, not a list of the greatest. I have ranked these persons in order of importance, that is according to the total amount of influence that each of them had on human history and on the everyday lives of other human beings.

"My choice of Mohammad to lead the list of the world's most influential persons may surprise some readers and may be questioned by others, but he was the only man in history who was supremely successful on both the religious and secular levels. Today, 13 centuries after his death, his influence is still powerful and pervasive."

“In a scant century of fighting, these Bedouin fishermen, inspired by the word of the Prophet, had carved out an empire stretching from the borders of India to the Atlantic

Ocean—the largest empire that the world has yet seen...Islam has tens of millions adherents in Africa and Central Asia. Pakistan and Indonesia ...

“Why has Muhammad been ranked higher than Jesus by me? Muhammad played & far more important role in the development of Islam than Jesus did in the development of Christianity. Jesus laid down the main ethical and moral precepts of Christianity. St. Paul was the main developer of Christian theology. Muhammad played a key role in proselytizing the new faith ...

The influence of Muhammad on Islam has been larger than the combined influence of Jesus Christ and St. Paul on Christianity. On the purely religious level, then, it seems likely that Muhammad has been as influential in human history as Jesus Christ.

"Muhammad, unlike Jesus, was a secular as well as religious leader. As the driving force behind the Arab conquests, he may well rank as the most influential political leader of all times. It is this unparalleled combination of secular and religious influence which I feel entitles Muhammed to be considered the most influential single person in human history."

The biographer of George Bernard Shaw, Heshketh Pearson, unravelling the truth about the ambition of his hero remarked,

"In all history, the one person who exactly answered his requirements who would have made a perfect Shavian hero was Muhammed. In 1913, he wanted to write a play on the subject for Forbes Robertson. Four years earlier, he had informed, the Parliamentary Committee on the Censorship that he had long desired to dramatize the life of Muhammad, But the possibility or fear of a protest from the Turkish Ambassador caused the Lord Camberlane to refuse to license such a play. Nevertheless, his fancy continued to play around the Prophet who is described by the elderly gentleman in 'Back to Methuseiah' as truly wise man for he founded a religion without a church."

The tenets of Islam and the revolutionary spirit which the Holy Prophet had infused started dying down during the days of Muawiyah and when Yazid became the Caliph, the state of affairs was the worst. Within no time, the institution of Caliphate was further degenerated into monarchy. But Husain saved Islam by his exemplary sacrifice.

In the eyes of Edward Gibbon, the well known historian, the cause of Husain was just and righteous and the way the opponents of the Prophet inflicted pain upon his grand-son is deplorable.

Gibbon says,

The persecutors of Muhammed usurped the inheritance of big children and the champions of idolatry became the supreme head of his religion and Empire. In a distant age and climate, the tragic scene of the death of will awaken the sympathy of the coldest reader.**

Another Western writer has stated,

“Thus fell one of the noblest spirits of the age and with him perished all the members of his family—old and young—with the solitary exception of a sickly child, whom Husain sister Zainab (Zenobia) saved from the general massacre. He, too bore the name of Ali and in after life received the designation of Zainul Abidin, the ornament of the pious”.

At every stage of human history, there have been great heroes who sacrificed their lives for the sake of virtue and righteousness. Had there been no such great men, this world would have become a hell and life would have been unbearable.

Therefore, history too has pronounced them as victors who have shed their blood for the glory of God and those who fought for the dictator as vanquished. How true Soren Kierkegard was when he said,

“The tyrant dies and his rule ends, the martyr dies and his rule begins.”

Therefore, ever since the martyrdom of Imam Husain and his faithful companions, Karbala has inspired many a freedom fighter and it will continue to inspire people till eternity. The fact is that people, irrespective of their creed, culture and colour, have felt inspired. Among such inspired ones was also the great Indian leader, Gandhiji one of the greatest leaders of the present century acknowledged his debt to Imam Husain in the following words :

“I read about Karbala while I was still very young. I was truly amazed. I have nothing new to offer to the people of India. I have studied the life of Husain very carefully and am now convinced that India's salvation lies in following the path shown by Imam Husain.”

A well known historian, G. H. Thomas, paid his tribute to the grand-son of the Holy Prophet in the following words :

“The events that followed the tragedy of Karbala proved beyond doubt that Husain succeeded in upholding the principles of equality, brotherhood and freedom. It was a lesson for all castes and creeds, Imam Husain, therefore, is the hero of the entire humanity.”

In his book on Islam, A. S. Tritton, Professor of Arabic at the School of Oriental and African Studies University of London, has stated,

“Husain has become a martyr, whom some put beside Jesus and the tale of his sufferings fires enthusiasm for the unlucky family and inflames hatred for their oppressors?”

Undoubtedly, Jesus Christ was one of the major Prophets. He preceded the Prophet of Islam. Great were the sufferings and sacrifices of Jesus which he endured with utmost courage. But when lifted by God to Heaven which the Christians believe as crucifixion, he left his mother to mourn him. The sacrifice of the martyrs of Karbala was more colossal, indeed much more poignant, and no amount of words can speak of it. It was a collective sacrifice unprecedented in the history of the world which did not end on the 10th of Muharram 61st Hijra. After his martyrdom, Husain's tents were burnt and looted. Then his survivors were taken as prisoners. The next day, the captives were taken to Syria via Kufa. On the way, they were subjected to torture and humiliation. Then they were put into a cage in Damascus. It was in that cage that Sakina, the most darling daughter of Husain, died. It is in fact a long tale of hardships and sufferings.

In the last, to quote Thomas Carlyle who, in his famous work, “Hero and Hero Worship”, remarked,

“The best lesson which we get from the tragedy of Karbala is that Husain and his followers were the rigid believers of God, they illustrated that numerical superiority does not count when it comes to truth and falsehood. The victory of Husain, despite his minority, marvels

me. "(Most of the material in this section is reproduced from Syed Hashim Raza's valuable article under the caption 'The Revolutionary Spirit of Husain' which appeared on the Ashura Day in the daily Dawn of October 17, 1983.)

* * *

It is high time that the Muslims all over the world get welded into an ummah. This unity can be forged on the basis of their belief in One God, One Prophet and One Book. But this can only be possible when they sink their sectarian differences and inculcate a feeling of toleration and accommodation for each other. Differences in customs and traditions are bound to be there because the Muslims inhabit the lands from Morocco to Indonesia. On the other hand, such differences in customs and traditions are variegated flowers of the fragrant bloom of Islam. They in fact prevail as a symbol of unity in diversity. At the same time, it is the pressing need of the hour that the Ithna Asharis, the Bohras and the Ismailis should draw closer by virtue of their faith which links them with Panjatan e Pak (the five purified ones, i.e. Muhammad, Ali, Fatima, Hasan and Husayn).

S. G. Abbas
Department of English,
Jamia Millie College,
Malir Karachi.
October 20, 1983.

Chapter 3, What is Marsiya ?

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ

In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate

The word "*marsiya*" is derived from an Arabic word called "*risa*" which, etymologically means, '*the commendation and praise of the dead*'. Therefore, marsiya is that genre of poetry in which sorrow is expressed over the death of a person in the most touching but dignified manner. Besides, the virtues of the dead are extolled in a lamentable way. So far as the description of virtues is concerned, there is hardly any difference between *marsiya* and *qasida* (panegyrics), because whereas in *qasida*, eulogies are made in honour of a living being ; the merits of a dead person are sorrowfully described in *marsiya*.

Thus, a marsiya is a metrical composition in which sorrow is expressed over the death of a person. It is but natural for a human being to feel the sting of grief when he loses his close relative or friend. The closer is the relationship or the bond of friendship, the greater is the intensity of sorrow. As a feeling, sorrow is antithetical to joy. What laughter is to joy, tears are to sorrow and pain. Weeping is therefore a human instinct and so long as man continues to be influenced by forces beyond his control, he will keep on being governed by the basic instincts deeply implanted into his nature. The instinct of sorrow is indeed one of the primary instincts.

The history of marsiya is as old as the history of man. Adam, the prototype of man, is said to have shed tears on the cruel murder of his good-natured son, Abel, who was assassinated by none else but his own real brother. Thus, Cain was the first murderer. The murder of Abel was rather the first loss of valuable human life that our planet had witnessed. The glare of tears in the eyes of Adam was probably the first mute marsiya which Nature had inscribed on his wounded heart. The feeling of grief is not confined to men alone. Animals are also gifted with this feeling. A cow is often seen bellowing and weeping for the bereavement of her calf. A goat sometimes bleats and cries when her young kid is no longer alive. When a bee-queen dies, bees form a circle and mourn her death. This mourning continues for sixteen days until the new bee-queen is hatched. (Bees and People, Noun Loyriah, page 23, Mir Publishers, Moscow, 1974)

As a natural expression of grief and sorrow, marsiya, has a soothing balm, has therefore been existing through all ages of man's evolution. In the early stages of his evolution, tears and wild screams were the only signs of sorrow and suffering. But, slowly and gradually, as the language developed, words were used for the expression of sorrow. It is in this way that marsiya has existed in every human society, though in an informal manner. At the same time, it can also be said that, as a form of literature, marsiya is rather the oldest, but it has for

long remained unrecorded due to the lack of a developed language.

Psychologists are well acquainted with the fact that words uttered under emotional stress, sometimes connote metaphorical and symbolic meanings, even if they are spontaneously or unconsciously expressed. It is no wonder that some of those utterances of the primitive men should have been in a form similar to what we now call a 'couplet'. Therefore, it is seemingly possible that the primitive man might have eventually but unwittingly given a vent to his sorrowful feelings through the medium of poetry. In Torah, however, there do exist lamentations of the prophets which do testify that, as a form of literature, marsiya has been existing since the immemorial past.

Beyond doubt, the composition and recitation of marsiya is the noblest and the sublimest expression of human sentiments. It is in fact a narration in which the merits of the dead are limelighted, the bondage of love with the departed soul is revived and his separation is lamented. Therefore, the very objective of marsiya writing is not only a pious act because it is fundamentally a tribute to the dead, but because it induces the living beings to be virtuous and good. Thus, the purpose of marsiya-writing is neither poetry for the sake of poetry nor poetry for fun sake. It has a definite, serious and purposeful aim—i.e. to lead to goodness. Very like its objective, marsiya flourishes in only that society which is cultured, cultivated and well-charactered.

Truly speaking, great is indeed that literature which faithfully reflects the life of the society and its urges ; but greater is indeed that literature which chastens, ennobles and uplifts human life. When literature acts as a mirror of life, it means the painting of life as it is. But a painting, howsoever great or life-like, is a sheer imitation and cannot be presented as real.

Thus, the hands *of a painter* are rather fettered. On the other hand, a poet or a literateur has a much freer hand and, through the power of his pen, he endeavours to give a newer and better shape to life. The presentation of a better life has always been the prime objective of a truly great literature. Marsiya, as a matter of fact, has always had the primary aim of bettering life by inducing its readers (or listeners) to be serious, sober, thought-provoking and above all, seekers of high moral ideals.

Further, as one of the oldest forms of classical literature, marsiya is not meant for recitation as a pastime. Not only that it touches the serious aspects of human life but it also reflects the evanescence of life and sordidness of world. Simultaneously, marsiya evokes the noblest and purest feelings, prompting men to ponder over the mysteries of Nature and the riddles of life.

Like its merits, marsiya has its demerits as well. As the central figure of a marsiya is a person who is no longer alive, therefore, with the passage of time, the memory about the dead fades out. Thus, marsiya loses its freshness and effect. But the marsiyas composed on the heroes

of Karbala are an exception and this exception is nothing short of a miracle. Each year, Husain and his faithful companions are paid homage with the same zeal and fervour. Hundreds of the old marsiyas are recited and dozens of new ones are composed each year.

As a form of poetry, marsiya has a considerably wide scope. Very many poets have composed marsiyas on the personalities of national heroes, great scholars and social reformers, besides lamenting the deaths of their relatives and friends. The theme of a marsiya can as well be the fall of a nation or the degeneration of moral and spiritual values. Some poets have adopted such cities and towns for the subject matter of their marsiyas which, once upon a time, were great seats of learning and culture but which, unfortunately, either ceased to exist or no longer enjoyed that position. In Urdu, there exist marsiyas on such topics which are not only highly significant for their thematic value but for the purest form of emotions that they evoke. Among the marsiyas of Allama Iqbal, noteworthy are *Walida marhum ki Yad mein*, i.e. *In memory of late mother* and "*Sir Ross Masood*." Similarly, the marsiya of Maulana Zafar Ali Khan in memorium of his father named *Maulana Sirajuddin*, and the long marsiya of Chakbast in honour of *Ram Chandra Ji* are of great importance. Sa'di composed a marsiya on the theme of *Baghdad*. In a similar way, Allama Iqbal selected the *Island of Sicily* and *other parts of the Islamic world* for the composition of his marsiyas. Da'gh and Ha'li, through their marsiyas, lamented *the withered glories of Delhi* which had been the capital of the Muslim rule for centuries. *

Besides these topics on which marsiyas are composed, the martyrdom of Imam Husain and his faithful companions is a perennial source from which marsiya has drawn its sustenance ever since the tragedy of Karbala. The marsiya, especially the Urdu marsiya, has now become synonymous with the description of valour and fortitude, uprightness and nobleness, sacrifice and sanctimoniousness of Husain and his companions. Indeed, no other form has enriched the Urdu literature as marsiya has done and the epoch-making event of Karbala appears to have exercised a profound effect on the Urdu language.

Chapter 4, The Arabic Marsiya

Beyond any shadow of doubt, marsiya has had its origin in the land of Arabia. Its beginning are dated to the pre-Islamic period. During the Islamic era the first marsiya recited by none else but the Prophet of Islam who lamented with tears the death of his brave uncle, Hamza. Hamza was martyred in the battle of Badr. With the singular exception of the tragedy of Karbala which yet remains unparalleled for its pain and poignance, the martyrdom of Hamza was the most tragic. Deeply wounded, when the great warrior fell on the ground and was overtaken by death, Hind, the wife of Abu Sufian, (the mother of Muawiyah b. abi Sufyan, grandmother to Yazid) rushed to the spot where the dear uncle of the Messenger of God lay dead. She bade her negro slave to rip open Hamza's stomach and gut out his liver for her. The slave did as was directed. Out of limitless spite for the Holy Prophet, his mission and the defeat which her kins had suffered the battle of Uhud, Hinda chewed the liver of the dead. It was in this way that she tried to console her malicious heart. The martyrdom of the dear uncle, and that too in the most brutal manner, had so much saddened the Holy Prophet that he could not restrain his tears. He wept and wept bitterly. The Holy Being uttered the words of lamentation too which possibly worked as balm for his wounded heart and these words constituted the marsiya of Hamza's death.

It was not for the first time when the Messenger of God had either wept bitterly or expressed words of lamentation. Earlier than the death of his martyred uncle, Mohammad (peace be upon him and his progeny) was stunned by the death of Abu Talib under whose benign patronage he was brought up. Abu Talib in fact, showered affection upon him more than he had loved his own sons. During his life, the Sire had acted as the greatest shield protecting the Messenger of God from the devilish plans and torturous assault of the pagans. Of no less sorrow for the Holy Prophet was the death of Khadija, his loving and faithful wife, was spent for the weal of Islam. Thus, the death of Abu Talib and of Khadija the same year which it called the 'Year of Sorrow' created a void in the life of the Holy Prophet, especially at such a time when he was passing through the worst circumstances. The whole pagan Arabia was inimical to him and the idol-worshippers of Mecca were bent upon chastising him. Muhammad, along with a handful of his devoted followers, was ostracized as well. No challenge ever daunted him and no suffering, howsoever great, caused him anguish. But, the death of his dear uncle and of his loving wife, came upon him as a great shock. In the agony of separation, the Holy Prophet, as is recorded in history, made doleful utterances which in fact contained the seeds of marsiya.

The death of the Prophet of Islam had dealt such a stunning blow to his only and the most beloved daughter, Fatima, that she could not survive long. After the Prophet, she passed each moment of her life in lamentation. In one of her marsiya, the sorrow-stricken daughter lamented her father in the following way,

إِذَا مَاتَ يَوْمَ مَيِّتَ قَدْ ذَكَرُهُ
وَذَكَرَ ابْنِي مَذَمَاتِ وَاللَّهُ أَزِيدُ

With the dead, sorrow and his impressions get faded,
But ever since my fathers death, his memory is never evaded.

فَذَكَرَتْ لَنَا فُتُورَ الْمَوْتِ بَيْنَنَا
فَعَزَّيْتُ نَفْسِي بِالنَّبِيِّ مُحَمَّدٍ

When, between us, death brought a cleavage,
By commemorating him, my heart I assuage.

فَقُلْتُ لَهَا إِنَّ الْمَمَاتَ سَبِيلُنَا
وَمَنْ لَمْ يَمُتْ فِي يَوْمٍ مَاتَ غَدًا

Death is our destination, death is our way,
One who doesn't die today, shall tomorrow put away.

To the death of her father did not prove as a sheer deprivation of paternal affection and tenderness. But, won after the Prophet's death, she was subjected to the harshest treatment and the wont of tyrannies. A fabricated tradition of the Holy Prophet was coined, and according to it she was deprived of the estate of fadak which, as the only daughter of Mohummad, she could have inherited. But, in the very presence of the Quranic text, her right was usurped under the pretext of a bogus tradition, wrongfully ascribed to the Messenger of God. Secondly, her house was burnt, Ali was dragged with string attached to his neck. This was infact the beginning of the atrocity which had its culmination at Karbala. The following couplets are revealing:

قُلْ لِلْغَيْبِ مَحْتِ أَطْبَاقِ الثَّرَى
أَنْ كُنْتُ تَسْمَعُ صَرَخَتِي وَبِدَا شَيْءَا

The one who disappeared beneath the dust, tell that person,
How good it had been, hadst thou heard my lamentation.

صَبَّتْ عَلَى مَصَائِبٍ نَوَا فِيهَا
صَبَّتْ عَلَى أَلْيَامٍ صَرَنَ لَيَالِيَا

So distressing were the adversities which enveloped me,
That the bright days changed into dark nights verily.

The death of Holy Prophet had cast a pall of gloom on Ali at well. He was deprived of his legitimate right, insulted and humiliated. The oppressors were not the pagans or idolators but those who bad professed faith and had claimed Mohammad as their leader. Painful for him was his own molestation, but equally painful was the way the Holy Prophet was ill-treated. In his last moments the Messenger of God wanted to write something of gnat importance but he was prevented from doing so and it wat laid that the Book of God was sufficient alone for the guidance of mankind. Distressing for Ali was the callousness of the so-called lover of the Prophet who, leaving his dead body, assembled at Bani Saqifa and

attended not even to his burial. However, amidst the heaviest odds, Ali often recited the following couplets of his own marsiya to console his heart:

هَذَا النَّبِيُّ وَلَمْ تَخْلُودِ مَتَّهُ
تَوَخَّلَ اللَّهُ خَلْقًا قَبْلَهُ خُلْدًا

He is the Prophet, the Prophet of all ages,
Ere him, the Almighty had created the Heaven

لِلْمَوْتِ فِينَا سَهَامٌ غَيْرُ خَاطِيَةٍ
مَنْ فَاتَهُ الْيَوْمَ سَهْمُ يَوْمِهِ غَدًا

Of the book of life, death turns over the pages,
One who is born today, shall tomorrow deaden.

Among the Arabic marsiya poets of the Islamic era, Mutmim b. Nuwairah occupies the position of great importance. He composed heart-rending marsiya on the cruel murder of his innocent brother called Malik b. Nuwairah, the Chief of Bani Hanifa tribe. Malik had embraced Islam at the hands of the Holy Prophet and was one of his trusted companions. Bold and sincere, upright and pious as Malik was, the Messenger of God deputed him to collect zakat from his tribesmen. He obeyed the Prophet and made collections with the best of his ability. After the death of the Prophet of Islam, Malik was, however, done to death for no fault of his own.

So touching is the marsiya of Mutmim that no human heart can remain unmoved. The following are the couplet from that marsiya (Syed Ali Haider, *Nafs al-Rasul*, V, II, pages 177-178 as cited from Ibn al-Athir's, *Tarikh al-Kamil*)

نَعَمْ الْقَتِيلُ إِذَا الدِّيَاحُ تَنَاجَتْ
خَلْفَ الْبُيُوتِ قَتَلْتَ يَا بَنِي الْأَزْدِ

Thou art the slayer of my dear brother,
Behind the houses thou killed him, O son of Azdar!

أَدْعُوهُ بِإِلَهِهِ تَعَزَّزْتُ
نَوْهُوَ عَاثَ نَرْمَةٍ لَمْ يَعْذِرْ

In the name of God he was invited, and then he was betrayed,
Had he invited thee, he would have never frayed.

وَلَنَعَمْ حَشْوُ الدَّرْعِ وَحَاسِرًا
وَلَقَعَهُ مَا وَى أَطَارِقَ الْمُتَنَوِّرِ

In war and peace, he was a beacon-light,
And the best entertainer of that guest who had arrived at night.

لَا يَمَسُّكَ الْفَحْشَاءُ نَحْتِ ثِيَابِهِ
حَلَوْ شَمَا تَعْمَلُهُ عَفِيفُ الْمَثَرِ

Indecency he knew not, voluptuousness brought him no delight,

Good-natured he was, and basically he was upright.

Mutmim read these couplets aloud. He wept to much and tears flowed profusely even from one of his eyes which was defective that his beard became wet. Then, he lapsed into silence for a few moments and made utterances of marsiya again. The following are a few of the couplets,

لَقَدْ لَا مَتَى عِنْدَ الْقُبُورِ عَلَى الْبِكَاءِ
رَفِيقِي لَتَذَرَانِ الدَّمُوعَ السَّوَافِكَ

When by the side of the graves, I started weeping,
My friend chided me, and each moment he was intervening.

فَقَالَ أَبْكِي كُلَّ قَبُورٍ رَأَيْتِ
بِقَبْرِ ثَوَى بَيْنَ اللُّوَى الدَّكَاءِ

Pleading to me he said, that each grave which I noticed,
I should but shed tears, what a way it was which I had practised.

فَقُلْتُ لَهُ الشَّجَا يَبْعَثُ الشَّجَاءَ
مَدْرَعَتِي فِهَذَا أَكَلَهُ قَابِرٌ مَالِكٌ

I answered, telling him that each sorrow refreshes another,
Let me weep at length, these graves are but of Malik, my brother.

The Arabic marsiya gained anew impetus and vigour after the tragedy of Karbala in 61st Hijra. Thus, the martyrdom of Husain and his companions provided food for thought to the marsiya-poets, thereby enriching this form of literature to a great extent. As regards the introduction of marsiya about the martyrs of Karbala, the Chief of the martyrs, Hussain, himself was its pioneer. The Imam made such piteous utterances on the heartless butcheries of his kins and companions which still keep on echoing in the minds of millions of his followers. His spontaneous but heart-rending words were as such as

أَلَا نَ أَعْسَرَ ظَهْرِي

now my back is broken
(uttered when Abbas fell on the ground)

or

يَا بُنَيَّ لَا عَلَى الدُّنْيَا بَعْدُكَ الْعَفَا

O Son after thee, this world is all contemptible
(A pathetic expression of Hussain on the eve of the death of his son, Ali Akbar)

Similarly at the moment of martyrdom of Abbas the Imam in extreme dejection, pronounced the following couplet

أَحَقُّ النَّاسِ أَنْ يَبْكِيَ عَلَيْهِ
فَتَى أَبْكِي الْحُسَيْنَ بِكَرْبَلَاءَ

For lamenting him, people are indeed justified,
He is the youth for whom Husain wept and cried

اُخُوهُ وَإِبنِ وَالِدِهِ عَلِي
أَبُو الْفَضْلِ الْمَطْرُجِ بِالدِّمَاءِ

His brother, and the son of his father, Ali,
Abai Fazl was he who got smeared with his own blood, but boldly.

Heart-rending as these expressions are, they inject a new vigor to life which feels ennobled for tasks of great heroism. These expressions lend dignity and stateliness to mind, besides intensifying the pitch of feeling. According to the definition of the Arabic marsiya, each of these lamentations is a marsiya. For example, the following marsiya of Imam Zayn al-Abidin which is just a couplet, it very famous. The Imam uttered it again and again,

أَقَا دُ ذَلِيلًا فِي دِمَشْقٍ كَأَنِّي
مِنَ الرَّجْعِ عَبْدٌ غَابَ عَنْهُ نَصِيرٌ

So contemptuously I was brought to Damascus, as if I were,
Like that slave who had no supporter, and far away was his master.

When the house-hold of the Prophet Were released from the captivity of Yazid, Hinda invited them to her palace. It was, therefore, the first congregation which was held at no other place but at the house of Yazid himself Hadhrat Zainab recited there the most moving marsiya. The whole marsiya it still extant in *bihar al-anwar*, from which are extracted the following few couplets,

تَمَسَّتْ بِكِتَابٍ وَمِنْ سَلَاةٍ
فَأَهْلُ الْبَيْتِ هُمْ أَهْلُ الْكِتَابِ

O faithful! follow the Book and the knowers of the Book,
None but the progeny of the Prophet are the possessors of the Book.

إِمَامِي وَاحِدَ الرَّحْمَنِ طِفْلًا
وَأَمَّنْ قَبْلَ تَسْدِيدِ الْخَطَابِ

My leader (Ali) acknowledged God at that age,
When one can hardly speak at that stage.

عَلِيٌّ كَانَ صِدِّيقَ الْبَرَايَا
عَلِيٌّ كَانَ فَا رُوقَ الْعَذَابِ

He was Ali, who was truthful and truth lover,
He was Ali, who between reward and sin was the distinguisher.

شَفِيعِي فِي الْقِيَامَةِ عِنْدَ رَبِّي
نَبِيٌّ وَالْوَصِيُّ أَبُو تَوَّابِ

On the Dooms Day before God, my interceder

Are the Holy Prophet and Abu Turab, his successor.

ذُنَا طِمَّةٍ الْبَتُولُ وَسَيِّدَا مَنْ
يُخَذُّ فِي الْجَنَّةِ مَعَ الشَّبَابِ

My mother, Batul, is my interceder,
Hasan and Husain who, of the youths of Paradise, are leader

عَلَى الطِّفْلِ السَّلَامُ وَرَسَاكِنِي
رُوحُ اللَّهِ فِي تِلْكَ الْقُبَابِ

My compliments to Taf and its dweller,
May God bless these men of valor.

مَضَاجِعُ فُتْيِهِ عَبْدُؤَا أَنَا مُوَا
هَجُودًا فِي الْغَدَا فِرُوا الشَّعَابِ

Taf is the resting-place of youths who worshipped the Almighty,
And slept in the deserts and valleys eternally.

فَقَدْ نَقَلُوا إِلَى جَنَّاتِ عَدْنِ
وَقَدْ عِضُّوا النَّعِيمَ مِنَ الْعَقَابِ

Gone are they now to the Paradise of Eden,
For the sufferings of this world, Heaven is retribution.

بَنَاتُ مُحَمَّدٍ اضْحَتِ سَبَايَا
يُسَقُّنَ مَعَ الْأُسَارَى وَالنِّهَابِ

What a pity ! the daughters of Mohammad were arrested,
Unveiled and disgraced were they, like a booty they were treated.

أَيُّخِلُ فِي الْفِرَاتِ عَلَى الْحَبِيبِ
وَقَدْ أَضْحَى مُنَاحًا لِلْبِلَابِ

The water of Euphrates, for Husain was forbidden,
But even for the dogs, there was no objection.

فَلْيُ قَلْبُ عَلَيْهِ ذُو الْتِهَابِ
وَلْيُ جُفُنُ عَلَيْهِ ذُو الْبِكَابِ

Thus is my heart for Husain burning,
And tears keep constantly flowing.

The following is the famous marsiya of Hadhrat Umm Kulthum. It is famous for its pathos and power of rhetoric. When the looted caravan entered Madina and the dome of the mausoleum of the Holy Prophet was sighted, the progeny of the Prophet felt extremely restless. On that occasion, Umm Kulthum recited her marsiya. It is recorded on page 372 of the sixth volume of *Nasikh al-tawarikh*. The following are a few couplets from the said marsiya,

مَدِينَةَ جَدِّنَا لَا تَقْبَلِينَا
فَيَا مُحَسَّرَاتِ وَالْأَحْزَانَ جِئْنَا

O Madina of our grand-father!, let us not be accepted,
For we have come back, being aggrieved and afflicted.

أَلَا أَخْبِرُ رَسُولَ اللَّهِ فِينَا
بِمَا نَأْتَدُ فُجِعْنَا فِي أَبِيْنَا

And tell about us the Holy Prophet» our grand-father,
That we were shocked for the loss of our father.

وَإِنَّ رِجَالَنَا بِالطَّفْرِ صُرِعُوا
بِلَا رُؤْسٍ وَقَدْ دَمَجُوا إِلَيْنَا

Tell him that at Taf, our house-folks were slaughtered,
Severed were their heads, our children too were massacred.

وَأَخْبِرْ جَدَّنَا أَنَّا أُسِرْنَا
وَبَعْدَ الْأَسْرِ يَاجِدًا سُبِينَا

Convey to our grand-father, that we were arrested,
After that we were taken as prisoners, and were insulted.

وَرَهْطُكَ يَا رَسُولَ اللَّهِ أَضْحُوا
عَرَايَا بِالطُّفُوفِ مُلْبِيْنَا

O Prophet! the bodies of your kins, are naked lying,
Looted are their raiments, in abject state they are lying.

وَقَدْ ذَبَحُوا الْحَسِينَ وَلَمَّا يُرَاعُوا
جَنَابَكَ يَا رَسُولَ اللَّهِ فِينَا

Husain has been slain, by many a beast,
And none cared for our relationship with you the least.

فَلَوْ نَظَرْتُ عُيُونُكَ لِلْأَسَارَةِ
عَلَى آفَتَابِ الْجَمَالِ مُحْتَلِيْنَا

Should you see, how the prisoners were maltreated,
On the bare backs of the camels, we were seated.

رَسُولُ اللَّهِ بَعْدَ الصَّوْنِ صَارَتْ
عُيُونُ النَّاسِ نَظَرَةً إِلَيْنَا

You were our greatest benefactor and savior,
But soon after you, the enemies made us victims of torture.

أَنَا طِمُّ نُو نَظَرْتُ إِلَى السَّبَايَا
بِنَاتِكَ فِي السَّلَايِ مُسْتَبْتِيْنَا

O Fatima ! should you see how your daughters were assailed.
And were dragged from town to town unveiled.

خَرَجْنَا مِنْكَ يَا أَهْلَ بَيْتٍ جَمْعًا
رَجَعْنَا لَا رِجَالَ وَلَا نَبِيْنَآ

When we parted thee, our house was full of men,
Now that we have returned, lost are children and men.

وَمَحْنُ بَنَاتِ يَسِيْنَ وَطَه
وَمَحْنُ الْبَاكِیَاتِ عَلَیْ آسِيْنَآ

Of Yasin and Ta'ha, we are the daughters,
We are lamenting the death of our father and brothers.

وَمَحْنُ الطَّاهِرَاتِ بِلَا خَفَاءِ
وَمَحْنُ الْمُخْلِصُونَ الْمُصْطَفُونَآ

We are verily the women, pious and purified,
We are the blessed beings, exalted and sanctified.

فَبَعْدَهُمْ عَلَی الدُّنْيَا تَرَابٌ
فَمَا سِی الْمَوْتِ فِیْهَا قَدْ سُقِیْنَا

After the martyrs of Karbala, this world is all vile,
For this very world, we were made to drink venom and bile

After having reached Madina, Imam Zain al-Abidin asked Bashir ibn Jazlam, the care-taker to announce the arrival of progeny of the Holy Prophet in Madina. Bashir went straightway to the Mosque of the Holy Prophet and read aloud the following couplets,

يَا أَهْلَ يَثْرِبَ لَا مَقَامَ لَكُمْ بِهَا
قَتَلَ الْحُسَيْنُ فَأَرْسَعِيْ مِدْرَارُ

O People of Yathrab ! this is no place for habitation
Husain is slain, tearful are my eyes in lamentation.

الْجِسْمُ مِنْهُ بِكَرْبَلَاءَ مُضَرَّجٌ
وَالرَّأْسُ مِنْهُ عَلَی نَقَّآةٍ يَدَارُ

His body lay, smeared with his blood, at Karbala,
And his head was held on a spear, alas ! how cruel ! ah !

At the tragedy of Karbala had exercised a deep and lasting effect on the entire Muslim society, therefore, the majority of men felt their conscience pricked. Even the staunchest supporters of the Umayyads, irrespective of consequences. started opposing Yazid and his regime bitterly.

These men mourned the martyrdom of Imam Husain and also composed marsiyas to pay him tributes. Yahya bin Hakam, brother of Marwan bin Hakam, recited his marsiya nowhere else but at the very court of Yazidi Ubaydallah b. al-Hir al-Jafi read out his marsiya at Kufah in utter defiance of the orders of Ibn Ziyad. This marsiya is still preserved in the books of Maqatil. Farazdaq, an eminent Arab poet, composed a highly elegiac marsiya

commemorating the cruel assassination of Muslim, thus paying rich tribute to the envoy of Husain. On the same theme, similar marsiyas were penned down by Abdullah bin Zubayr Asadi. In the court of Ibn Ziyad, Abdullah b. Afif Azwi, a famous poet of Kufa, recited his marsiya in the most pathetic way. On the thoroughfares of Damascus, through which the procession of the captives was passing, Khalid bin Madan read out his most moving marsiya. It most certainly evoked the feelings of the masses. Abu Zabil b. Rabia, a reputed poet of that period, composed a number of the marsiya which were extremely appealing. All these works are yet extant in the authentic books of Maqatil.

Soon after the epoch-making event of Karbala, an organization called *tawwab* was formed at Kufa so as to avenge Husayn's blood and put an end to the tyrannical rule of the Umayyads. The main supporters of that organization were Suleyman b. Khazai, Musayyab b. Najba, Abdullah b. Malik al-Ashtar, Rifa b. Shaddad and Abdullah bin Fazal. Those men were educated too. In their campaign against the assassins of Hussain and his companions the leader of that group used marsiya as a powerful weapon for evoking public sentiments. However, rebellion against Yazid and his accomplices broke out in Iraq. Mukhtar seized power and he punished most of the culprits who had involvement in the gory episode of Karbala.

According to the versions of Amali by al-Tusi, and al-Mufid, Aqba b. Umar al-Sabhi was the first marsiya-poet of Imam Husain. (Nasikh at-tawarikh, vol VI, page 505). Suleyman b. Qutayba was also among the first marsiya-poets of the Imam. Suleyman is said to have reached Karbala on the third day of the martyrdom of Husain. Deeply wounded at heart, he composed a marsiya. That is why Suleyman is regarded as the first non-Hashimite marsiya-poet. The marsiya of Abul Ramha Khazai which the poet recited in the presence of Hadhrat Fatima, the dejected and forlorn daughter of Imam Husain is known for its quality and is extant in the books of maqatil.

The marsiya poets who are said to have recited their marsiyas to the Imams, were Jafar b. Affan, Kumayt Abu Ampara. Abdullah bin Gha'lib, Ibrahim b. Abbas and Daba'l Khazai. Daba'l often recited his manias to Imam Ridha. Among the marsiya poets of the 3rd Century Hijra, Imam Shafi'i figured as the most prominent personality. He was a lover of progeny of the Holy Prophet and he composed a marsiya which was most touching and appealing. The following are the couplet of his marsiya,

وَمَا نَفِي نَوْمِي وَشَيْبِ لَيْلَتِي
تَصَارِيفِ أَيَّامٍ لَكُنْ خُطُوبِ

The event which has saddened me most and denied me all sleep,
It's the tale of the most cruel suffering, for which I weep and weep.

تَاوَبَ هَتَى وَالْفُؤَادُ كَيْبِ
وَارَقَ عَيْنِي وَالرَّقَادُ عَرِيبِ

The recrudescence of sorrow, has made my heart bleed,
Sleepless are my eyes, and from this grief I am never freed.

تَزَكَّرَتِ الدُّنْيَا لِأَلِ مُحَمَّدٍ
وَكَاثَرَتْ لَهُمْ صَمَّ الْجِبَالِ تَذَرِبُ

On the sufferings of the kins of Prophet, the world was shaken,
And the niggd mountains, with pain were to melt and slacken*

فَمَنْ مُبَلِّغِ عَنِ الْحَشَنِ رِسَالَةَ
رَأَى كَرِهَتْهَا أَنْفُسُ وَقُلُوبُ

Who is there to convey my message to condescending self of Husain,
Although this message is to displease many a man.

قَتِيلٌ مَلْجُورٌ كَانَ قَمِيصُهُ
صَبِغٌ بِمَاءٍ لَا رَجْوَانَ خَضِيبُ

Husain who was faultlessly massacred,
And into his blood, was his garment smeared.

فُطِّلَ عَلَى الْمُخْتَارِ مِنْ آلِ هَاشِمٍ
وَنَوَى بَيْنَهُ إِنْ ذَاكَ عَجِيبُ

Strange it is that we, the Muslims, adulate the Messenger,
And to his progeny, we tease and torture.

لَكِنْ كَانَ ذِي نَبِيٍّ مُحِبِّ آلِ مُحَمَّدٍ
جَدًّا لَكَ ذِي نَبٍ لَسْتُ عَنْهُ أَتُوبُ

If the love for the progeny of Prophet is a transgression,
It's a transgression which I can never shun.

هُمْ شَفَعَائِي حَشَرِي وَمَوْفِقِي
وَبُفْضِهِمْ لِسَاءٌ وَنَعِي ذُنُوبُ

On the Dooms Day, the kins of Prophet shall intercede our salvation,
For us, the Shafiites, ill-will with them is an act of transgression.

By the end of the 3rd Century Hijra, the marsiya was couched in a simple language. The Arabic poets primarily aimed at evoking the sentiments of the people.

In the 4th Century Hijri however, after the capture of power by the descendants of Buyid, the observance of Muharram was formally made in Baghdad the capital city of Iraq and the first ten days of Muharram were observed with great solemnity and fervour. The technique of marsiya underwent a change. There was fusion of more of elegiac element in the marsiya.

Similarly, lengthy marsiyas were introduced. Abul Faras was the greatest marsiya-poet of that century. He had a rich diction. He was gifted with such a power of eloquence that his listeners minds were haunted even after a long recitation. Abul Faras opened new vistas in the field of marsiya, but remarkable was his power of evoking the sad and elegiac feelings.

Other noted marsiya-poets of that century were Ali b. Ishaq Baghdadi, Ali b. Muhammad Mansur, Talha b. Ubaidullah, Ali b. Abbas, Al Shahidi, Ahmad b. Husain al-Hamadani, Abul Hasan and Ali Qashi Al-Asfar.

The Arabic marsiya-poets of the 5th Century Hijra who earned high repute for their works were Syed Murtadha alam al-Huda, and Syed Razi, the reputed compiler of the famous

book called Nahj al-Balagha. Their manias are still preserved in *Nasikh al Tawarikh*. During that century, the simplicity of the old marsias was replaced by ornamentation and artificiality. The style was ornate, charged with metaphorical uses, pun and other figure, of speech. Grandiloquence too was a general characteristic. This significant characteristic in the marsiya of the 5th Century was the result of the cultural splendour manifested during the rule of the Ayyubid dynasty.

During the 6th Century Hijra, the Arabic marsiya acquired a definite shape. That shape had a considerable bearing on the evolution and development of the Urdu marsiya. Ever since the sixth century till this day, the Arabic marsiya poets have contributed a lot to the treasure house of marsiya and each century that produced poets of high calibre and great genius. Syed Mehdi Tabatabai and Syed Haladi were great poets in the recent past. A noted Indian scholar of Arabic language, Mufti Mir Abbas Shustari, who was a contemporary of Mir Anis, composed Arabic marsiyas of high quality. His works are still extant and are known for their merit.

With the passage of time, the Arabic marsiya declined. There is no denying the fact that with the exception of a few poets of great genius, marsiya was not tackled by the majority of the Arab poets some of whom felt even deeply aggrieved for the tragedy of Karbala. The palpable reason was infact the fear of the Umayyad and Abbasid rulers. But equally important was the changing taste of the Arab poets.

Chapter 5, The Urdu Marsiya

Since marsiya originated in Persian at about the same time it had its origin in the Deccan, therefore it is obvious that Urdu borrowed the concept of marsiya from the Arabic. But in its form and content, the Urdu marsiya is purely a product of the Sub-continent. Broadly speaking, the very concept of marsiya existing in Urdu, is absolutely alien to the Arabic and the Persian marsiyas. The Arabic marsiya has simplicity, purity of thought and effectiveness, the Persian marsiya is singular in its good sonic value. Further, both in the Arabic as well as the Persian marsiyas, the poet's impressions appear to be based on 'internalism'. But, contrary to it, the Urdu marsiya poet is more concerned with thought than with feeling. Therefore, the Urdu marsiya appears to be based more on 'externalism'.

The Arabic marsiya-poet, very like his counterpart in the Persian, himself weeps and laments while the audience is emotionally blank. On the other hand, the Urdu marsiya-poet not only weeps himself but he makes others weep too. Thus, for the participation of his audience in his work, the Urdu marsiya-poet needs meditative thought, rich power of observation, first-hand knowledge of human psychology, evocative power, skill of creating scenic beauty and a complete mastery over artistic techniques. Truly speaking, the Arabic and the Persian marsiyas as well as the English elegies are sheer photographs of the wounded hearts, but, the Urdu marsiya is more an outcome of a happy blend of rich imagination and facile pen.

The Urdu marsiya had its beginning in the Deccan. From there, it was borrowed by the Northern regions of the Sub-continent. As special chapters are devoted to the marsiyas of the Deccan and the North in the following pages, therefore, a passing reference appears to be sufficient at this place. The pioneer of the modern Urdu marsiya was Mir Zamir, Anis and Dabir were the great giants at whose hands it attained perfection. Both of them were great and prolific poets and their marsiyas are far superior to the Arabic and the Persian marsiyas. Anis and Dabir were, in fact, two great luminaries who have been inspiring men for ages and shall continue to do so till eternity. After them, other poets enriched it by their valuable contributions. It is in this way that the Urdu marsiya combined in itself the felicity and tilt of 'ghazal', the majesty and resonance of 'qasida', the grace and flow of 'mathnavi'.

One more fundamental difference between the Urdu marsiya and the marsiyas in other languages is that the Urdu marsiya is more acoustic because it is primarily meant for recitation. The marsiya-poets of other languages, on the other hand, create the same impression as when a reader reads aloud his poem from a note book. Therefore, the Urdu marsiya-poet has to employ such words which do have their effect on the mass psychology of a congregation. This is indeed the point where marsiya touches oratory and the use of each word has its own significance.

As regards its length, the Urdu marsiya is different from the marsiyas in other languages. The Arabic and the Persian marsiyas are usually short and contain only a few couplets. Similar are the English dirges. As against them, the Urdu marsiya is fairly long. A short

Urdu marsiya has at least fifty sixtains or one hundred and fifty couplets. An average Urdu marsiya has, roughly speaking, hundred sixtains or three hundred couplets. There are long marsiyas too which have even more than three hundred sixtains. Many of the marsiyas of Anis and Dabir were pretty long and their recitation consumed not less than three hours. The length of the present-day marsiyas is certainly curtailed and long marsiyas are generally avoided so as to save time. This is a phenomenon which has influenced other forms of literature all over the world.

During the course of recitation, it becomes incumbent upon the marsiya-poet to keep the interest of his listeners alive lest the people should get bored and they run away with a feeling of distaste. Hence, the poet tries his best to keep the interest of his audience sustained. This is only possible when his work has its own merits. For making his marsiya lively and interesting, the poet tries to shape it out into a well-integrated whole. Besides, he endeavours to make it ornamental and ebullient. So the poet employs profound thoughts, looks for novel ideas, sheds light from new angles on the 'adoration' part of the marsiya and chisels beautifully the diction of his work. Further, the poet assesses if any part of his marsiya is marred by fancy or his work has throughout been inspired by imagination.

The marsiya-poets in other languages give a vent to their elegiac feelings and compose verses without caring the least for their listeners. But the Urdu marsiya-poet can not afford to ignore his audience, nor the taste and requirements of his listeners. If there is such a poet who makes no allowance for these considerations, his poetic career cannot survive long.

One of the greatest merits of the Urdu marsiya is that, as a form of literature, it is primarily meant for the masses. It is never composed or recited for the limited elites. It is usually recited in congregation where the masses constitute the majority. As marsiya never arouses passions, nor does it ever touch base feelings, it is therefore a great restraining influence. As a matter of fact, it purifies and ennoble the feelings, thus creating a powerful chastening and refining effect. Similarly, the subject-matter of marsiya can neither be trite nor ridiculous because it is mostly derived from the Holy Quran, the traditions of the Holy Prophet, exegesis, religion, ethics and history. Through his hard labour, the poet harmonizes these diverse and difficult subjects into an integrated whole. The power of poetry indeed makes it interesting.

Constituents of the Urdu marsiya:

In the beginning, the Urdu marsiya had no definite form and all elegiac literature, written on the tragedy of Karbala, was treated as marsiya. However, since the time of Zamir, the word marsiya acquired not only a specific meaning, but it assumed a definite shape too. Since then it came to be used for only that poem which had a considerable length, was composed in sixtains and it necessarily contained the following parts or constituents:

1. Matla: the first or premier sixtain,
2. Chehra: face or introduction,
3. Sara'pa: the hero's personage,

4. Rakhsat: farewell of the hero,
5. A'mad: advent of the hero in the battlefield,
6. Rajaz: recitation of war-poem,
7. Jang: battle or battle-scene,
8. Shahadat: martyrdom,
9. Bain: lamentation.

1. The First of Premier Sixtain

It is the initial or introductory sixtain which the marsiya begins from. The first line of this sixtain usually serves as the title of the marsiya.

The premier sixtain is indeed of paramount importance because it sets the tone of this marsiya. As a matter of fact, it is in the opening sixtain that the very spirit of the marsiya is reflected.

The marsiya-poet generally takes a start either from invocation to God or from the presentation of the scenic beauty or by expressing words of praise in honour of the hero of the marsiya.

2. Face or Introduction

It is in this part that the poet builds the edifice of his marsiya. Therefore, this part is of equally vital importance. As face is the identification of a person, similarly this part is revealing of the subject-matter of marsiya. That is why, it is called 'the face' of the marsiya.

3. The Hero's Personage

The presentation of the hero's personage is rather the most difficult task. The poet is constrained to paint his hero as not only a being of exceptional physical charm but as a man of great virtues. Besides, his hero is essentially the superman who is invincibly all-conquering and all-surmounting. And yet, at the same time, he is extremely compassionate, tender-hearted and forgiving.

4. Farewell of the Hero

The presentation of farewell scene, from the artistic point of view, is not only an arduous task but challenging too. This is probably the main sinew which gives life and vigour to the marsiya. Therefore, the poet has to be highly circumspect in composing a well-developed farewell scene which does create an effective impression on the minds of readers or listeners.

5. Advent of the Hero

Each and every warrior of Husain's army enters the battle-field with the utmost conviction of faith, courage and dignity. Whether he is young or old, each fighter of the Imam's army feels self-assured because he has the firm belief that he is fighting for a right cause and the reward of his martyrdom is Heaven.

6. Recitation of the War Poem

It was the old Arab custom that before fighting his adversary, each warrior used to first recount the achievements of his predecessors and then he recounted his own deeds of

bravery. He related it with great enthusiasm and in the most heroic terms. After the exchange of words either in prose or poetry, the warrior were locked in a fight. Since the characters of marsiya belonged to that period of Arabia when such a custom prevailed, therefore, recitation of war-poem came to be regarded as one of the essential constituents.

7. Battle or battle scene

It is also considered as one of the requisite parts but there were some poets who did not regard it as an essential constituent. Therefore, they evaded it.

In the early marsiyas of the Deccan, there yet exist some battle-scenes which are highly effective and serve as great models.

Mir Anis and Mirza Dabir also painted memorable scenes of battle. They composed sixtain after sixtain on sword. The sword in fact represents its swordsman. Almost all the heroes of Karbala were skilled swordsmen.

Whether it be the presentation of a battle-scene or the praise of the sword, especially the Dhulfiqa'r which was a divine gift to Hazrat Ali and was possessed by Imam Husain in the battle at Karbala, the fact remains that each of them poses a great challenge to the rich and fertile imagination of every poet.

The presence of the battle-scene in every marsiya led some of the critics to believe that it is an epic. But they were mistaken because a battle-scene is not a whole marsiya but simply a part of it.

8. Martyrdom

Muhammad Iqbal, the poet-philosopher of East, has expressed the objective of martyrdom through the following line in one of his couplets

شہادت ہے مطلوب و مقصودِ مومن

Martyrdom is the heart's desire of a faithful.

Imam Husain was fully conscious of the fact that his refusal for the allegiance to Yazid would result in his martyrdom. But Husain loved Islam in such a degree that he cared the least for the consequences. Similarly, the companions of Husain had no longing for worldly attachments.

Therefore, martyrdom is reckoned as one of the essential constituents of marsiya. It is in this way that each marsiya contains a thorough description of at least one of the martyrs of Karbala who, with their blood, created a new history of valour and faithfulness. Each hero fought against the forces of evil with the best of his prowess and sacrificed his life for the greater glory of Islam.

9. Lamentation

Lamentation is primarily and essentially the very soul of marsiya. In its very objective, marsiya is but an expression of sorrow for the bereavement of a close relative or a dear friend.

In the Arabic and the Persian marsiyas, it is the poet who bewails and the audience remains largely mute. But in the Urdu marsiya, the audience is an active participant with the poet in lamentation.

Lamentation, was the main objective of the marsiya of the Deccan where it had originated in the Sub-continent. But, with the passage of time, other constituents too found their place and lamentation was retained at one of the main and final constituent.

The range of lamentation is not confined to the pathetic description of the martyrdom of the heroes of Karbala, but in its purview are included the post-Karbala events such as

[1] the excesses of the enemy soldiers with the women-folks and children of Imam Husain soon after his martyrdom,

[2] the loot of the tents of the Imam, the torture of his kith and kin,

[3] the captivity of his house-folks,

[4] the misbehaviour and harsh treatment of Shimr and other brutes of the Yazidi army with the son and daughter of Husain,

[5] the death of Sakina in the dungeon of Damascus,

[6] the release of the surviving souls from the imprisonment,

[7] the departure of the house-folks of Husain to Madina,

[8] the arrival of the progeny of the Prophet at Madina and

[9] the visit of Zainab to the mausoleum of her grand-father.

Those events too were of momentous nature and each of them entailed sufferings, of the greatest magnitude, providing sufficient material for lamentation.

Allegations against the Urdu marsiya

There are some critics who unfortunately believe that marsiya is nothing but tragedy. There is another group of critics which is equally misguided in treating marsiya as an epic, the fact is that marsiya has both the elements within it and yet it is neither purely tragedy nor epic.

It is a glaring fact that in its very theme, marsiya is absolutely tragic.

Similarly, there is a constant struggle between the 'good' and the 'evil' in the marsiya too,

in which the 'good' ultimately triumphs over.

Further, there is a battle-scene in every marsiya which gives a further support to the advocates who regard it an epic. But, despite the struggle between the 'good' and the 'evil' and despite the battle-scene which is one of the essential constituents of marsiya, the truth is that it is not epic.

However, it can be said that marsiya is far more tragic than a tragedy and far more epical than an epic. The tragic and epical elements in marsiya may justifiably be regarded as its two characteristics, but not the whole of marsiya.

Therefore, the claim of such critics appear to be entirely baseless. As the refutation is made under separate headings, therefore it is being stated accordingly:

Marsiya vs Tragedy

Some Urdu critics, under the spell of the Western literature, have regarded marsiya as tragedy. The dramatic style of marsiya, especially where the characters indulge in convention, confirms the opinion of these critics that in marsiya, very like a tragic play, an event is stated. Further, in marsiya too, dialogues are there which give a semblance of the tragic drama. In a similar way, the dramatic technique of 'flash back' is also employed.

There is one more affinity between the two: the three unities which act as one of the essential requirements for a play, are very well present in the marsiya too. But notwithstanding these similarities, marsiya cannot be regarded as drama.

In the first place, as Aristotle defined, in tragedy the fall of the hero takes place owing to the inherent flaw in his character. Judging marsiya by the yardstick of the Aristotilian definition, it will not prove only anti-thetical but highly sacrilegious as well.

Secondly, the elements of 'expectation' and 'suspense' which are as necessary for tragedy as fuel for a machine, are absolutely absent in marsiya.

Thirdly, certain situations are expressed through gestures and gesticulations in tragedy but in marsiya everything is penned down.

There is no denying the fact that Mir Anis sometimes used gestures during the recitation of his marsiyas and he made the most effective use of gesticulation as well.

In addition to the use of gestures, Anis made the most use of the rise and fall of his voice.

But as he was a great poet; similarly, as a reciter of marsiya, he was equally superb.

However, in general, gesture and gesticulation which is a vital technique for the dramatic performance, occupies no considerable place in marsiya.

Fourthly, drama is fundamentally based on action, whereas there is a total lack of action in marsiya. Lastly, in drama, the complex psychology of different characters is unfolded in

relation to its events, masriya has no such concerns with the portrayal of characters and their psychology.

Therefore, in the light of the reasons stated above, it can be said that marsiya is neither tragedy nor any other kind of drama. For the sake of effect, certain marsiya poets have, beyond doubt, adopted a way of expression similar to the dramatic style. The similarity in style has probably led the critics to misconceive the idea that marsiya is tragedy. The fact is that marsiya is much loftier, grander and nobler than tragedy.

Marsiya vs Epic

Another group of the critics claiming marsiya to be an epic, is equally misconceived. The assessment of this group of critics is not just and fair too. Just as the tragic events are an integral part of marsiya, similarly, the struggle between the good and the evil, working as a nucleus for an epic, does exist in it. The epic is defined as:

“ ... a long narrative poem, on a grand scale, about the deeds of warriors and heroes. It is a polygonal, 'heroic' story incorporating myth, legend, folk-tale and history. Epics are often of national significance in the sense that they embody the history and aspirations of a nation in a lofty or grandiose manner.’ (Dictionary of Literary Terms, Cuddon J. A., p 225, Doubleday & Co, New York, 1976)

Marsiya, on the other hand, is neither a myth, nor a legend, nor a folk-tale. It depicts an event of momentous nature which has had its place in the pages of history. Its basic theme is to bring to the limelight the martyrdom of Husain and his faithful companions which, beyond any shadow of doubt, was one of the greatest epochs in human history. It focuses as well the ideals which Husain lived upto, and for the survival of which, he made such a supreme sacrifice.

Marsiya thus transcends the barriers of time and space and so long as those ideals are aspired for, it will continue to radiate the message of Husain, inspiring men of all regions and climes.

The New Encyclopaedia Britannica defines an epic as :

« ... an ambiguous term" which "is used most often to designate a long narrative poem recounting heroic deeds, though it has also been loosely used to describe novels, such as Tolstoy's War and Peace and motion pictures such as Eisenstein's Ivan, the Terrible. In literary usage, the term encompasses both oral and written compositions.

The prime examples of the oral epics are Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. Outstanding examples of the written epic include Virgil's Aeneid and Lucan's Pharsalia in Latin; Chanson de Roland in medieval French; Ariosto's Orlando Furioso and Tasso's Gerusalemme liberata in Italian; poems (or canter) de mio Cid in Spanish ; and Milton's Paradise Lost and Spenser's Faerie Queene in English. There are also seriocomic epics, such as the Morgante of a 15th-century Italian poet, Pulci, and the pseudo-Homeric Battle of the Frogs and Mice. Another distinct group is made up of the so called beast epics—narrative poems written in Latin in the Middle Ages and dealing with the struggle between a cunning fox and a cruel and

stupid wolf. Underlying all of the written forms is same trace of an oral character, partly because of the monumental persuasiveness of Homer's example but more largely because the epic was, in fact, born of an oral tradition ..." (The New Encyclopedia Britannica, Helen Hemingway Benton, vol 6, p. 906, The University of Chicago, U.S.A, 1972)

It further elucidates,

"An epic may deal with such various subjects as myths, heroic legends, histories, edifying religious tales, animal stories or philosophical or moral theories. Epic poetry has been used by peoples all over the world and in different ages to transmit their traditions from one generation to another, without the aid of writing. These traditions frequently consist of legendary narratives about the glorious deeds of their national heroes. Thus scholars have often identified "epic" with a certain kind of heroic oral poetry, which comes into existence in so-called heroic ages. Such ages have been experienced by many nations, usually at a stage of development in which they have had to struggle for a national identity. This effort, combined with such other conditions as an adequate material culture and a sufficiently productive economy, tend to produce a society dominated by a powerful and war-like nobility, constantly occupied with martial activities, whose individual members seek above all ever-lasting fame for themselves and for their lineages." (*Ibid*)

This definition of the epic too falls short of the objective and the spirit which lies inherent in the martini. The Encyclopedia Americana, has defined an epic as,

"a long narrative poem, elevated in style and large in scope and effect which it concerned with the great deeds of great men," (The Encyclopaedia Americana, Vol. 10, page 500, International Edition, 1976)

This definition, however, to Some extent, corresponds with the objective of marsiya.

Marsiya is primarily concerned with unfolding the "great deeds" of Imam Husain and his companions who were virtually and essentially "great men" not only of their time but for of all times to come. The main objective of a marsiya poet is the dissemination of that gospel which Husain wished to convey on the 10th of Moharram at Karbala while he was fighting with the evil amidst the heaviest odds and was sacrificing everything in the way of God Husain, as a matter of fact, belongs to no particular sect, not even to a particular religious denomination. The intrepid spirit of Husain imparts a lesson never to surrender to the wrong and continue waging a battle, irrespective of consequences and the degree of damages. That is why Josh Malihabadi, a great revolutionary Urdu poet of the modern times, felt impelled to say:

انسان کو بیدار تو ہو لینے دو
ہر قوم پکارے گی ہمارے ہیں حسینؑ

Let man awake, each human race shall respond,
Husain is our own, Husain is humanity's bond.

An epic, as the definition goes, is 'a long narrative poem'. Marsiya is much more than that. The basic theme of marsiya, no doubt, is the focusing of the martyrdom of the grandson of the Holy Prophet but it derives its material from the rich knowledge and variegated subjects such as religion, metaphysics, ethics, history and sociology etc.

Regarding the kind, of epic, the Dictionary of Literary Terms states,

"Basically, there are two kind, of epic (a) Primary, also known as oral or primitive (b) secondary, also known as literary. The first belongs to the oral tradition (q. v.) and is thus composed orally and recited; only much later, in some cases it is written down. The second is written down, at the start. (Dictionary of Literary Terms, Cudden J. A. page 225, Doubleday & Co., New York, 1976)

Marsiya, ever since the time it acquired a developed form, is usually written down or recited or read aloud. The loud reading is called tah-tul-lafz in Urdu. Among the marsiya poet of urdu, the tah-tul-lafz form is most common. One of the basic causes, of the adoption of this form is that recitation of lengthy marsiya it certainly a difficult if not an impossible task.

Last but not the least, is the difference of meters between marsiya and epic. To quote Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry & Poetics,

"Finally, epic, unlike tragedy, uses throughout a single meter (dactylic hexameter), which it suited to the narrative for its dignity and to figurative language for its flexibility. Aristotle's remark on epic how no recognition of it, in contrast with tragedy at being peculiarly interpretative of life, nor does he conceive it to be the vehicle of propaganda for general ideas." (Princeton Encyclopedia of Poetry & Poetics, Alex Preminger Frank Warnka and Hardison, page 243, Princeton University Press, U.S.A., 1974)

While epic uses throughout a single meter called dactylic hexameter which is suited to the narration of episodes, marsiya in urdu is written down in four recognised meters of the urdu poetry. These meters are, hajaz, ramal, madhreh, and mahabbath. Further marsiya is not confined to sheer narrative. As it enjoys an unlimited range, similarly the subjects from which marsiya derives its material, lends it profundity and dignity.

The scene of battle between the 'good' and the 'evil' in the urdu marsiya have misled some critics to regard it as an epic. It is admitted that the presentation of battle-scene in marsiya is one of the essential constituents. But the fact remains that this compulsion was never made under the light of the rules of the epic. Since the Western literature hardly exercised any influence on the people of the Sub-continent before the advent of the British in India, therefore, Mir Zamir, who was the pioneer of the modern urdu marsiya, knew nothing about the epic. Similarly, Anis and Dabir had no knowledge of epics like Iliad, Odyssey, Faerie Queene and Paradise Lost. It is equally doubtful if these poets had ever read Indian epics called Ramayan and Maha-Bharat. What they are expected to have gone through utmost, is Firdausi's Shah-naamah which alone could not serve as a model.

Therefore, marsiya is neither tragedy nor epic. To sum it up. it is a well-demarcated and independent form of poetry which developed and flourished with the passage of time. The arabic marsiya indeed served as a model. Its majesty is the result of the untiring efforts as well as the genius of the urdu poets. It is therefore much loftier, nobler and grander than either tragedy or epic. Marsai is no doubt, religious in theme but it but much to impart to the secular mind. Just as marsiya has a lyrical, idyllic or pastoral touches at places, similarly it has tragic grandeur and epical sublimity.

Chapter 6, A Biography of Mir Anis

Mir Babar Ali Anis was the eldest son of Mir Mustabsan Khaliq and the grand-son of Mir Ghulam Hasan. His great grand-father was Mir Ghulam Husain Da'hik, a great scholar and a celebrated poet of his time. Mir Khaleeq and Mir Ghulam Hasan were men of great learning and poets of great merit. It was from his ancestors that Mir Anis had inherited the legacy of poetry and, therefore, he was justified in making a well-founded claim

پانچویں پشت ہے شبیر کی مداحی میں

In Shabbir's adoration, mine is the fifth generation.

After the fall of the Moghul Empire, Da'hik too, like other poets and men of letters of his time, moved to Faizabad in 1196 Hijra/1776 AD. In those days, Faizabad used to be the capital of prosperous Awadh. At Faizabad, Da'hik spent his days in despondence, craving each moment for Delhi and its colourful life. At last, he died. The exact date of his death is not known. Similarly, there is no trace of the collection of his poems. Mir Hasan who had moved to Faizabad along with his father, was also a great poet of lyrics. He composed marsiyas as well. As the writer of a *Mathnawi* called '*Sahr ul-Baya'n*', Hasan earned an immortal name.

Mir Mustahsan Khaliq was born at Faizabad. It was there that he spent the greater part of his life. During the latter part of his life, Mir Khaliq settled permanently at Lucknow, a sprawling city of Awadh which had acquired the position of eminence and was reckoned as the cradle of learning and civilization. Apart from his rich inheritance, Khaliq's love for poetry was inborn. Thus, poetic impulse was awake in him when he was hardly sixteen years of age. Having perceived the promising sign of poetry in his son, Mir Hasan put him under the tutelage of Shaikh Mushafi, the acknowledged and celebrated poet of that time. Nature had endowed Mushafi with the gift for lyrics. Khaliq drew inspiration from his guide and composed volumes of lyrics, but as his heart did not lie there, he therefore turned to marsiya and remained attached to it till the end of his life. Whereas in the field of lyrics, Khaliq had failed to earn distinction, marsiya made him immortal.

Three marsiya-poets of repute existed as the contemporaries of Mir Khaliq. They were Mir Zamir, Mian Dilgir and Mirza Fasih. As a marsiya poet, Khaliq was not inferior to any of them; as a reciter of marsiya, he was certainly the best. With his gestures and gesticulations, with movements of hands and limbs, with the rise and fall of his voice, Khaliq created such an atmosphere which was extremely impressive.

Mir Khaliq had three sons : Mir Babar Ali Anis, Mir Maher Ali Uns and Mir Nawab Monis. Of the three, Anis was the eldest. The exact year of the birth of Anis is not known, but it is believed that he was born about 1220 H./1801 A.D. Similarly, much is not known about his early life. As regards his education and training, this much is ascertained that Mir Najaf Ali Faizabadi and Moulvi Haider Ali were among his teachers. Both of them were great scholars. Like his father, the mother of Mir Anis was an educated and cultured lady. She

was well-versed in Persian and had a thorough knowledge of religion. Therefore, in the formative years of his life, Anis would have possibly been trained and educated by his own mother. Even in poetry, there is no trace of his guide. But regarding the rules of prosody and other techniques of poetry, it is commonly believed that he was surely guided by his own father who was the greatest marsiya poet of his age. At places in his marsiyas, Anis has acknowledged what he had gained from his father.

Very like his early life, the real educational attainments of Mir Anis have remained obscure. But in the light of his marsiyas, it can be estimated that,

(a) Anis had a thorough knowledge of the Arabic language. His marsiyas abound in standard and dignified words, expressions, phrases and figures of speech of the Arabic language. He used the Arabic freely and spontaneously. The poet appears to be fully intimate with the Arabic grammar which is not only difficult but even tedious and monotonous.

(b) Anis had a sound knowledge of the Holy Qura'n which is the primary source of Islamic knowledge. Besides, he was fully acquainted with the traditions of the Holy Prophet. Similarly, his couplets reveal that Anis knew well about the exegesis, history of Islam, Islamic law and jurisprudence, modes of warfare and weapons used by the Arabs in the post-Islamic period, the traditions and conventions prevalent in the Arab Society.

(c) Anis had a profound knowledge of other branches of mundane learning which had been existing during his time. It is evident from his works that he knew much about astrology, astronomy, biology, logic, medicine, philosophy, psychology and sociology etc.

(d) Anis had a perfect command over the Persian language too.

(e) Anis had a rich power of observation and he possessed a consummate understanding of human nature. A happy combination of these two helped in blossoming his poetic genius.

Besides, Lucknow too which was a great cradle of civilization and culture in those days, helped the poet in the florescence of his genius. It was there that the poet had moved from Faizabad at the tender age of sixteen and had spent each precious moment of his life till the attainment of the fortieth year. Anis was intensely fond of studying new books and many of the books were self-tutored. A voracious reader as he was, it had vastly increased his knowledge and contributed to the power of his poetry. He had a deep love for metaphysics and occult sciences. His thirst for knowledge was never quenched and the more he learnt, the less satisfied he became. Like his zest for reading books, Anis was fond of possessing books. That was why, his library contained some of the rare books even on certain abstract subjects.

Ever since his youth, Anis had associated with men of learning. It is an established fact that the ever-inspiring personality of the poet and his winning manners attracted the intellectuals and the elites of Lucknow. It was at his house that intellectual discussions on the topics of serious nature were held. The members of his house spoke such a chaste

Urdu that it reflected the real grace of Lucknow and the majesty of Delhi. The dialect used in his house was a tasteful blend of the dialects spoken at the courts of Awadh and Delhi. In addition to the healthy and salutary effects of Lucknow, the training of the talented poets had a sobering effect on him. About the mother of the poet, Mir Mohammad Raza Razi writes as follows :

“The exceptionally chaste wife of Mr. Khaliq was well-versed in theological literature and knew sufficient Persian not only to read poets like Firdausi and Ja'mi, but she could teach about them too. She was a God-fearing lady and was very punctilious about offering her daily prayers as well as about fulfilling other religious obligations. Her dress, the intonation of her speech and the language she used, were considered as the models. The aristocratic ladies not only eagerly desired to meet her, but they also endeavoured to emulate her. She hated bad manners and low breeding.” (*Tarikh Taj al-Khawatin*, Mir Muhammad Raza Razi, 1903)

Even beyond the four-walls of his house, Mir Anis had the good fortune of free mingling with people of his own choice and, considering from the artistic and cultural point of view, the poet lived in such an atmosphere which was decidedly the best. To be a gentleman was considered the fashion of the age. The Lucknowites were great lovers of art and refinement. They craved for novelty and ingenuity of every kind. The princes and plebians alike were the adorers of beauty. They were always alive to the appreciation of music, poetry and literature. So mature and developed was the aesthetic taste of even a common man that he very easily distinguished good music and poetry from that which was not good. It was thus natural for the young poet not only to be a mere on-looker but to be a participant in the drama of life. As the artistic upsurge and ebullient gaiety of life was everywhere in the city, Anis could not remain withdrawn from it. And why should he be so ? Like all the Lucknowites of his age, he tasted life and tasted the whole of it.

Beyond doubt, education and character-training contribute a lot in shaping out the personality of an individual. Similarly, social conventions do influence his life. Of equal importance is faith, whose impact or force cannot be denied. Faith is so deeply implanted into man's nature that it cannot be divorced. Either there is faith in God or in Godlessness; either there is faith in man or in society. But, in any way, the element of faith exists. Mir Anis, like many right-minded people of all times, had his own faith. He believed in God, the Almighty, in the Holy Prophet and in his progeny. Similarly, the atmosphere in which the poet was brought up, did condition his life and the result was that he had matured into a sober, serious and cultured man with a belief in self-dignity. The artistic temperament, punctuated with a sober and serious attitude towards life, made him sensitive as well as touchy. The same sensitiveness became conspicuously manifest at times, especially during the recitation of his marsiyas. But, whereas Anis was a highly self-respecting person, he was never peevish or ill-tempered and his demeanour made no impression of conceit, aggressiveness and arrogance. On the contrary, he was considerably self-effacing. He loved humility and preached it through his marsiyas. At the same time, Anis hated pride and vanity. He always considered pride as a sin. It was for his pride that God had punished Satan.

Mir Anis led a life of ease and contentment. He believed in moderate living. He was a great exponent of truth and for its bold expression, he cared for none. During his life-time there did exist men of authority and wealth who liked flattery but never did he praise any of them, especially when they patronised him as well. In the mammoth congregations and in the very presence of those lords and potentate, he made such bold assertions regarding his self-respect, contentment and detachment with the worldly entanglements that none had dared approach him for any ulterior motive.

Mir Anis was a man of regular habits and set disposition. He cared much for the utility of time. He was a great lover of time honoured traditions. In order to enjoy sound and robust health, Anis exercised everyday. He was fond of horse riding, swordsmanship and the art of wielding sticks called 'binwat'. He was of tall stature. Regular exercise had made his body solid, chiselled and well-groomed. He had a slender figure, broad chest, erect neck, radiant and dignified face, large eyes and wheatish colour. His moustaches were long and cultivated but so thin was his beard that it could not be discerned even from a short distance. Being essentially a tradition-loving man, Anis wore a dome-shaped cap, a loose-hanging apron called 'angarkha' and wide-sleeved trouser called 'pyjama'. He preferred to wear yellow velvet slippers. He was very particular with his staff and handkerchief which he held in his hands while going out. As regards his cap, he attended to it carefully, donned it from a particular angle and consumed a bit of time in arranging it on his head. Anis hated gaudy dress and foppish clothes. His dress was simple but he wore it in his own style. The aristocracy of Lucknow in his days used conventional court dress. He adopted a particular pattern and, in spite of rapid changes in fashion, he adhered to his own traditional costume.

So scrupulous was Anis about his dress that he declined the offer of Sir Asman Jah, an affluent and noted figure of Hyderabad Deccan who had made a condition that if Anis recited his marsiya with the Hyderabad! pagri (turban) in lieu of his cap, he would offer the poet five thousand rupees. Afterwards, the offer was raised to ten thousand rupees, but Anis declined it, for no amount of money could ever buy him.

Nature had gifted Mir Anis with a rich, sonorous and resonant voice. But more than the charm of his voice, was the grace of his presentation which indeed lay in his delivery and in the rise and fall of rhythm. Syed Ghulam Imam, the learned author of the book entitled "Anis & Shakespeare: a Comparison" makes a vivid description of this aspect:

"... the young Anis began, and his powerful sonorous voice, his most winning posture and the grave and vivacious style of his rich composition with a singularly piercing tragic turn, kept the audience spell-bound. The maiden attempt proved an unqualified success. The martial bearing with which he had tried to act the epic portion, created a sensation. Here dialogue, the armed conflict, the direct form of narration brought the elegy out of its morbid form and bore a close affinity with the drama. Thus, the method of recitation which Anis had invented through the aid of the most suggestive gestures, completed the resemblance. There was a new vigour in his writing. The young artist captured the imagination and admiration of the most fastidious critics and such critics in the palmy days of Lucknow existed in no inconsiderable number. Even the man in the street, through constant association of the cultured men, had imbibed a taste for good verse, good music

and an artistic performance. There was a regular school of artists who in dancing were giving interpretation of songs through most astonishing feats of gestures. These gesticulations were so expressive and suggestive that motion pictures containing various songs and melodies were brought before the eager audience with sublime accuracy and thrilling perfection. A slight turn of the eye-balls, a little winking of the eye-lids, a faint arching of the brows, a tremulous smile and a host of other physical movements expressed joy, sorrow, anger, love and despair.

... Anis knew the taste and requirements of his age and was ready to serve it. He wrote with dramatic fervour and recited what he wrote with faultless perfection of an actor, through most appropriate gestures ...” (Syed Ghulam Imam, *Anis & Shakespeare: a Comparison*, pages 12-13, Lucknow, 1950)

The fame of Anis was not confined to Lucknow or Awadh alone, it spread in the length and breadth of India. The result was that he was invited to far-flung places like Azimabad (now Patna) and Hyderabad Deccan. Wherever the poet went, he drew large crowds and his listeners constituted men of all castes, creeds and religions. There were old and young, literate and illiterate, princes and plebians. His audience consisting of thousands of men, sat spell-bound and awe-stricken for hours and hours together.

Anis as a poet was, beyond doubt, superbly great. But there are men who very often compare him with Mirza Dabir who was his contemporary. As a poet, Dabir was equally great and as prolific writer as Anis himself was. The habit of drawing a comparison between the works of two poets or artists is as old as man himself. Therefore, the endeavour to find a similarity or dissimilarity between the works of Anis and Dabir is no exception. In the past too, comparisons were drawn between Homer and Virgil, Aschelm and Euripides, Keats and Shelley and in our own literature, between Mir and Gha'lib. The craze for comparison existed even in the days of Anis and Dabir. Thus, those who admired Anis and considered him a greater poet than Dabir were called 'Anisye'. Similarly, there were the adorers of Dabir who regarded him superior to Anis. They were called 'Dabirye'.

Thus, a large number of the Lucknowiites were divided into 'Anisye' and 'Dabirye'. The appreciation of their idols often generated heated discussion between the rival groups. The controversy sometimes resulted in bickerings and scuffle. The rivalry between the two factions goaded the poets to work hard. What one wrote, the other tried to excel. At last, when the rivalry reached its climax, both the poets were invited to a gathering under the royal decree. Mr. Ghulam Imam narrates this episode in the following words,

“Nawab Miftahud Dawlah, one of the nobles of Oudh, requested His Majesty to summon both of them so as to give a consecutive recitation of their immortal elegies. These gentlemen seldom met together. His Majesty agreed and issued orders accordingly. Mirza came first and when the gathering was complete, Anis was specially sent for, as he had delayed his arrival purposely. The moment he came, the audience rose to greet his entry. Mirza Dabir began first and he read a quatrain in eulogy of Wajid Ali Shah which was bound to be received with applause by the audience. Anis followed him and recited a quatrain in praise of Ali instead, and began a 'Salam' thus, (*Ibid.*, p14)

غیر کی مدح کر دل شہ کا ثنا خواں ہو کر مجری اپنی ہوا کھو دں سیلیاں ہو کر

“(Why) should I praise others when I am devoted in eulogising the mighty one (Ali), I am not ready to lose my grace when I am like Solomon myself.”

As a poet, Mir Anis was prolific. The number of his marsiyas runs into hundreds. If his quatrains and sala'ams are included, the number is likely to run into thousands. Anis composed lyrics too but he devoted himself primarily to marsiya. It is a fact that his productive years were fairly long and he spent about 54 years in metrical composition.

The last few years of his life were disturbed by the turbulent political events. During his visit to Azimabad, he fell ill when illness took a serious turn, he rushed back to Lucknow. There he remained ill for about a month and, at the ripe age of about 73, he breathed his last in 1291 H/1874 A D. The following couplet of Mirza Dabir reveals not only the exact year of his death, but it is also the best tribute of the person who had been his life-long rival,

آسمان ہے ماہ کامل، سدر ہے روح الامیں
طور سینا ہے کلیم اللہ، منبر ہے انیس

Poor is the sky without full moon,
And empyrean without Gabriel, is meaningless,
Nothing is the Mount Toor, without Moses,
And pulpit without Anis, is worthless.

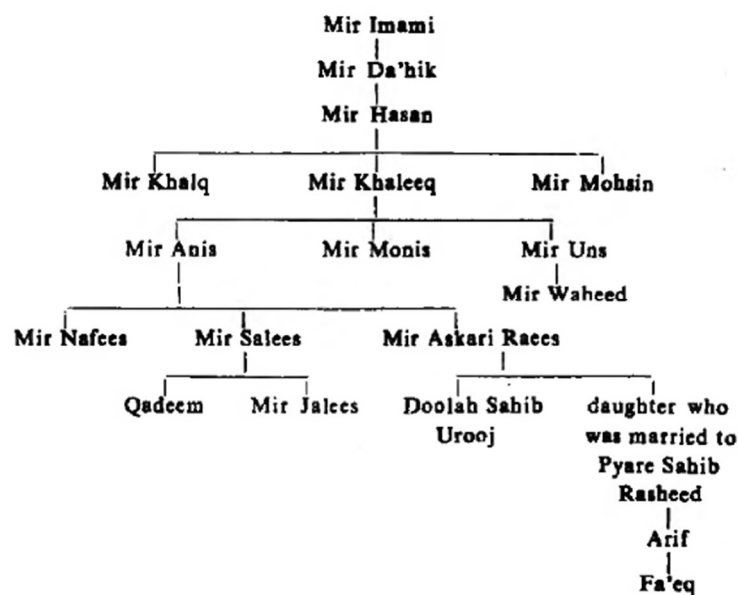
Similarly, late Zia al-Hasan Musavi, a scholar and or Orientalist, paid tributes to Anis through his quatrain which is given below. This quatrain also shows the exact year of his death

اپنے بائے میں حسن فرما گئے ہیں جو انیس
اس سے بہتر سال رحلت اور ہو سکتا نہیں
اک صدی کے بعد بھی تاریخ دیتی ہے صدا
جو ہری بھی اس طرح موتی پر دسکتا نہیں
۱۸۷۴ء

O Hasan ! about him whatever Anis has said,
No more authentic can be, the death-year of the dead,
Even after a century, history is making a clarion call,
By a jeweller this way, pearls cannot be studded.

And now a few words about such poets of marsiya who were the kins of Asia and who succeeded him. It is really strange that, generation after generation, the family to which the poet belonged, produced poets of great genius and men of eminent learning. The

following is a genealogical tree of the family of Mir Imami Musawi Harvi which Mir Anis hailed from in the sixth generation



Mir Mohammad Nawab Monis was the younger brother of Mir Anis. He was also a marsiya poet of remarkable worth but since he preferred to lead secluded life, therefore, he could not attain fame. Among his well known disciples was Amir Hasan Khan, the Maharaja of Mahmudabad. The Maharaja paid his guide and mentor a handsome amount regularly. Mir Monis died in the year 1292 Hijra. Unfortunately, he had no issue.

Mir Khursheed Ali Nafis was the eldest son of Mir Anis. Nafees was an able son of an able father and, among his brothers, he was the most brilliant. In poetry, as in other fields of life, he sought guidance from his own father. He was a poet of great promise. As a composer of marsiya, Nafis was prolific too. He died in the year 1318 Hijra/1901 A.D. at the mature age of eighty five.

Another promising poet among the descendants of Mir Anis was Syed Abu Muhammad alias, 'Abbu Sahib' who was better known by his pseudonym as *Jalis*.

He was the son of Mir Sakes and the grand-son of Mir Anil. Jalees was a disciple of Pyare Sahib Rasheed. Hadn't he died in the prime of life, he would have certainly been a great poet. Jalees was a poet of lyrics too. But his hereditary gift, coupled with his own propensity, attracted him primarily towards marsiya.

The name of Pyare Sahib Rashid deserves to be mentioned in this context. Though not directly the descendant of Mir Anis, he was related to him by way of his marriage with the daughter of Mir Askari Rais, the grand-daughter of Mir Anis. Pyare Sahib came of another distinguished family of the poets of Lucknow. That family had produced for generations very many poets of high calibre and stature. It was the family of Syed Mirza Uns who was

himself a poet of considerable -worth. Mirza Uns had five sons: Ishq, Ta'ashshuq, Sabr, Sabir and Ashiq. All the five were poets, but Ishq and Ta'shshuq were remarkably known for the grace and maturity of their poetry. Thus, the marriage of Pyare Mian Rasheed with the grand-daughter of Mir Anis was a union of the two well reputed and distinguished families of Lucknow.

Syed Mustafa Mirza alias Pyare Sahib and known by his pen name as Rashid was born in the year 1263 Hijra. In poetry, he sought guidance from his uncles Ishq and Ta'shshuq, and sometimes, he was guided by Mir Anis too. His poetry was considerably influenced by his uncle, Ta'shshuq, who exercised a lasting and profound effect on his nephew. But, as regards the language, Pyare Sahib had learnt a lot from Anis. Very similar to the language of his guide, the language of Rasheed was chaste and pure, besides being simple and limpid. The number of his marsiyas, sala'ms, lyrics and quatrains ran into thousands. He composed qasida (adulation) as well. His lyrics were punctuated with effervescence and charm, limpidness and correctness of metaphors. But there was less of originality of thought and effect. There was much of lyricism in his salams. He was at his best in the quatrains which were indeed of very high quality.

Pyare Mian Rashid is known for the originality of his marsiyas in which he added two new elements—Saqi nama and Bahar. It proved to be a good addition, lending simultaneously grace and dignity to the marsiyas.

During his life time, Pyare Sahib Rashid was considered as the supreme authority on language. Beyond don't, he was a great linguist and philologist. He died in the year 1336 Hijra. At that time, he was 74 years old. Pyare Sahib left after him among his disciples notable poets and literary figures such as Syed Baqar Hamid, Mu'addab, Professor Nasiri, Shadid, Nazim, Farhad and Ashar who afterwards wrote the biography of his guide entitled as 'Hayat Rashid'.

Syed Ali Mohammad Arif, a marsiya poet of exceptional talents, was the son of Syed Mohammad Haider whom the grand-daughter of Mir Anis was married to. Arif was born in the year 1859 A.D. He received his education and training under the tutelage of Mir Anis. Even in poetry, none else but his own great grand-father was his guide. The result was that Arif soon blossomed into a poet of exceeding charm. He was an eminent linguist as well. Among the marsiya poets of his time, he occupied an exalted position. His marsiyas were known for their grace, eloquence and ebullience. Further, his marsiyas are packed with pathos which is rather the most glaring and individualistic trait of his marsiyas. Among his many disciples was the famous Maharaja Sir Mohammad Ali Mohammad Khas, the ruler of Mahmudabad, who served his teacher with a monthly grant of hundred and fifty rupees. Considering those times, it was certainly a large amount. Arif died in the year 1334 Hijra. He was then 57 years of age.

Other poets of the distinguished house of Anis who achieved fame in the field of marsiya, were Dulah Sahib Uruj, the son of Mir Nafis; Qadeem, the son of Mir Salis and Faiq, the son of Arif. Each of them earned a good deal of applause in his own time. These poets also tried to serve marsiya and the Lucknowites in their own way.

Chapter 7, The Poetic Genius of Mir Anis

Before the advent of Mir Anis on the horizon of the Urdu poetry, there existed a fallacy about the marsiya poets that only a spoiled poet was the marsiya poet. The poetry of Anis dispelled that fallacy for ever and the Urdu marsiya acquired a permanent as well as dignified place in its literature. It is a fact that in keeping with the traditions of the Urdu poetry, the poetry of Anis too burgeoned with lyrics. Because, in the first place, the lyrical poetry was largely considered as the very essence of poetry. Secondly, Mir Khaliq, the father of Mir Anis, was as facile a lyricist as an accomplished marsiya poet. Further, as an amateur, Anis would have definitely sought guidance from his father. Whereas Khaliq had guided his son in the composition of lyrics, he motivated the youth for marsiya writing. So, it was on the wish of his father that young Anis had approached marsiya. Since his talents lay there which the perceiving eyes of his father had visualised, therefore he soon made a mark, raising marsiya to the pinnacle of perfection. Had Anis devoted himself entirely to the lyrics, he would have probably earned as immortal a name in that field as he did in marsiya. The fact remains that he also composed lyrics and some of them were remarkable even for their quality. But, unfortunately, the major work of his lyrics is not well preserved.

It is indeed difficult to discuss in details the beauties of the poetry of Anis, because the limited pages of this book do not allow a lengthy discussion. However, a few glaring qualities of his poetry are being mentioned in these pages. The real greatness of the poetry of Mir Anis lies in his mastery of language. He had enjoyed such a perfect command over the language that he very easily couched into words not only the profoundest thoughts but even the sublimest feelings. The depth of his thought, coupled with his limitless capacity to evoke feelings, indeed lent such a dignity to his poetry which no other Urdu poet has so far been able to create. Moreover, Anis was singularly discreet in the choice of words. For a particular shade of feeling, he employed a particular word which was highly significant for its sonic value, appropriateness of use and depth of meaning. The result was that he was successful in not only communicating his ideas to his readers but in the transference of his feelings too. Thus, there existed no gap of communication of feeling between the poet and his readers.

Anis had the power of expressing one and the same thing in manifold ways. He was well-versed in the art of expanding and compressing a passage. He had such a rich and inexhaustible stock of words which no other poet of Urdu, nor probably any poet in any other language except John Milton, appears to have possessed. He was an accomplished master of synonyms which found a prominent place in his poetry. Similarly, he described an event either fully or partly and in a variety of ways but his description was highly natural and life-like. At the same time, it never tended to be heavy, monotonous and uninteresting. Similarly, the effect of his poetry was never lost even for a moment.

Mir Anis was at his best in the presentation of events. There does exist a difference between the historical narrative and the poetic description. A historical narrative is that in which an event is versified and there is no play of imagination. The main stress is, therefore on the facts of history. In a poetic narrative, on the other hand, the healthy and robust imagination is the dominant factor. But the basic facts are never divorced. A historical narrative is the work of a poetaster or of an inferior poet. It is not poetry either.

The real poetry is that in which all the aspects of an event are presented and the entire work is the product of a rich and powerful imagination. An essentially great and living poetry can never be a work of sheer fancy nor can it ever afford to be detached from realism. Similarly, a great poet is IK who possesses rich and powerful imagination but who furnishes facts in support of his thesis which develops and matures as a sequence and natural consequence of the facts. This is indeed a very difficult task. But Anis possessed a great skill in the presentation of facts.

An event or a situation has many facets. Out of these, there are some facets which are powerful enough and have a natural tendency to settle into the mind so easily that a mere hint is sufficient to flash the whole event. Anis made the maximum use of those facets. He very often selected a part of an event and from that, he constructed the whole. With his own power of imagination and choice of words, he created such a wonderful atmosphere and infused so much life that his poetry became not only exquisitely interesting but highly effective as well.

As a painter of scenic beauty, Mir Anis is most certainly unrivalled. The letting of scene is in fact a great work of art through which an artist presents that picture which has a close affinity with reality. This is not too much an expectation from an artist. By presenting a scene in its natural setting, the artist enables his viewer to enjoy the scenic beauty through his mind's eye about that scene he has already had knowledge and experience about. Anis was undoubtedly a great painter of scenic beauty. His marsiyas contain elaborate descriptions of the joyous scenes of lovely mornings, the captivating lull of evenings, the lively gaiety of spring and the scorching heat of summer.

In the expression of feeling too, Anis has remained singularly unmatched. Feelings have different degrees of intensity. At one moment, there is a feeling of extreme joy, sorrow or surprise at another, it loses its intensity and becomes mild. Between the high-pitched and low-pitched feeling, there are many shades of feeling. Anis was not only very well acquainted with each of the shades, but he exhibited them in such a wonderful way which no poet of Urdu has so far been able to display. Another remarkable quality of Anis is that he did not overdo or exaggerate the feelings. He always presented them within reasonable limits. Further, the poet at times presented rather different contrasting feelings in his personage. On another occasion, he portrayed an individual with diverse feelings. But nowhere the feeling was overdone, nor was it against human nature.

Broadly speaking, a feeling is a product of a particular situation and therefore it is primarily conditioned by an event. Anis had rich perceptive power and his fertile mind was alive to each situation which evoked a particular feeling. It was for this very reason that the poet used different but effective methods for its expression. His main device was therefore that, instead of suddenly and swiftly heightening the feeling, he worked it in a slow and gradual manner. The gradual development of feeling did not tax his reader or listener, but it smoothed the way for his participation.

It can truly be said that before Anis, the art of portrayal of characters did not exist in the Urdu literature. There is no denying the fact that in certain stories or mathnawis, characters were delineated in a definite form. But the excellence with which Anis portrayed his

characters, was not found in the works of any of his predecessors, except Mir Hasan, who too was not superior to Anis. The personalities whom Anis projected in his marsiyas, some of them had special significance in the tragedy of Karbala. He presented a graphic picture of their characters, drawing the traits of their personalities. Even the shadowy characters, having no major part to play in the event of Karbala, were portrayed with the best of human qualities. But Anis did not exhibit the distinguishing traits of all the characters so as to make them distinct from each other. In other words, to Anis, there were only a few dynamic personalities and the rest were only the names. In the depiction of the personality of Imam Husain, Mir Anis was exceptionally at his best. The poet integrated into his personality the divine and the human elements so evenly that the sacred personage of the Imam appeared as rare an example in the world of the Urdu poetry as it was during the life-time of the holy Imam.

The characters whom Anis has depicted in his marsiyas, are neither purely the Arabs nor the Indo-Pakistanis. But they are a happy blend of the two in which the Indo-Pakistani element appears to be dominant over the Arab element. Some of the critics of Anis have regarded it as an oddity and have severely criticised the poet for it. But they have failed to understand that the pure Arab characters would have never attracted the Indo-Pakistani masses to the extent as Anis had wanted them to be. Further, the adoration for Husain and his companions would have never been on such a scale. Depicted in the form of an alien, Husain would have never been treated as a real symbol of love and reverence besides being a great model, worthy of emulation for the people of the Sub-Continent. Similarly, millions of people, now feeling aggrieved for his sufferings, would have remained unconcerned. Thus, the very purpose of marsiya-writing would have been lost.

From the point of view of didactic poetry, the marsiyas of Anis are of very high standard. All of his works reflect lofty ideals and are of great educative value. No book written on ethics and morality can create such lasting impressions on the minds of its readers as the marsiyas of Anis do. His marsiyas reveal the fundamental nobleness of human nature, and that too in such an effective manner, which has no parallel in the annals of a literature whatsoever. Anis displayed, at the same time, through his vile characters the vileness of human nature. Thus, goodness was contrasted with badness. The marsiyas of Mir Anis, therefore, provide sufficient material for a comparative study of the good and the evil. Husain and his faithful companions were portrayed as a fountain of all-good. This picture was painted not as a sheer ideal or under the flight of imagination. But the poet portrayed the characters of the Imam and his comrades in the light of their great, virtuous and heroic deeds. The heroes of Karbala stand out as great luminaries, shedding a flood of light and dispelling darkness from the very recesses of human souls. And so long as human soul remains fallible to pollution and transgression, the heroes of Karbala shall continue to act as a healing power for the whole humanity. At the same time, men of all times will continue to draw inspiration from them.

Besides, Mir Anis has made his marsiyas as an organ for direct moral preaching. It was not in all his marsiyas that the poet made preaching, for that was not his usual mode of writing. Anis never believed in indoctrinating his readers (or listeners) unnecessarily, because he knew that such an attempt reduced a piece of literature to sheer propaganda. But sometimes he impelled his readers to imbibe high moral ideals. Instructive appeals do

exist in his marsiyas for which he indirectly made preachings. These preachings have added a grace to his works. It can also be said with certainty that nowhere in his marsiyas, there is the least trace or the faintest shadow of triviality and vulgarity.

The poetry of Anis is conspicuously marked by the characteristics of simplicity, elegance and eloquence. These qualities are not only abundantly clear in his works but are the very essence of his poetry. So glaring are these characteristics that they do not escape the attention of a reader, provided he had a cultured mind and a cultivated taste. Eloquence, as a matter of fact, is the dominant feature of his poetry. Anis had the infinite capacity for putting into plain and simple words the tangled thoughts and new-fangled ideas. With the use of commonplace and simple words, the wizard made marvels. Therefore, even a cursory glance makes a reader realise that eloquence is the very hallmark of his poetry. But a thorough study of his marsiyas reveals that other features are also proportionately present in his poetry and they are of equal importance.

As regards eloquence, it is essential that the arrangement of words be made in accordance with the rules of grammar and the use of metaphors. In poetry, the delicacies of form and meter impose a further binding. It's thus very difficult to maintain a balance. But Anis performed even this difficult task in a most admirable way. In the major portion of his works, the arrangement of words is similar to prose. Wherever the exigence forced the poet to change the word-order, he did it. But the change does not look awkward. It is rather unperceivable. Despite his word-order in poetry which is analogous to prose, the fact is that it never tends to be heavy or pedestrian.

In the use of figures of speech, Anis has yet remained unsurpassed in the galaxy of the Urdu poets. There are poets who have made a gross misuse of the figures of speech. The result is that the whole impression of their poetry is marred. Whereas the defective use of figures of speech does create an unwholesome effect, the fact remains that ornamentation, if properly used, enhances the poetic grace. Anis made the figurative use so admirably that the eloquence was not the least affected. Further, the poet never tolerated solecism for the sake of ornamental language. Therefore, such adventitious figures of speech which, generally speaking, do not add to the beauty of poetry, found no place in his works. On the other hand, such similes and metaphors which contribute to the beauty and dignity of poetry, were largely used.

During the days of Mir Anis, there existed a craze for departure from the conventional use of words. Thus, the majority of poets regarded the coinage of words as essentially a merit of great and genuine poetry. There is no denying the fact that shaping of new words is permissible in the poetry of all languages. But the poets of Lucknow had an excess of it and excess of everything is bad. Anis too could not escape the fashion of his age and he too made coinage of words but in such a way that neither Anis's meaning was injured nor was his poetry ever marred by the curse of affectation. So great is his poetry that it never slackens its hold even for a moment and the reader's attention is never distracted.

Beyond any shadow of doubt, the poetry of Anis is extremely rich in figurative language. His poetry, in fact, is the poetry of the best use and of the highest quality of figures of speech. At places, within a single couplet, different figures of speech are yoked together.

Further, sometimes, from a similie are born other similies and there is a multiplicity of metaphors from a single metaphor. Anis himself coined certain metaphors. His use of metaphors is not only highly engaging, but the way he piled metaphor upon metaphor, is rather singularly unique. The greatness of the poet can be gauged from the fact that many of his expressions have come to be established as 'sayings' in the Urdu language. About the similies and metaphors of Anis, Ghulam Imam makes the following remark,

"The Arabic poetry scrupulously adhered to natural standard in the selection of similies and metaphors. But gradually as the Asiatic verse departed from natural limits and roamed at large in fantastic regions of imagination, it ceased to rely on nature for the purposes of similies and metaphors and lost sight of the elementary principle in their choice that they must be capable enough to bring before our eyes the object which the poet wants through their aid to visualise. The work of Anis abounds with exact similies and telling metaphors, and it is impossible to find such a faultless choice else where in Urdu. The similies and metaphors of Anis can be classified under the following heads.

(1) Most of his similies and metaphors are compound.

(2) Most of them are easily comprehensible and swiftly divert our imagination towards the object of comparison.

(3) The masters of rhetoric hold that similies and metaphors are intended to disclose the beauty and grandeur or insignificance and baseness or awfulness and majesty of the objects under discussion.

Anis reveals a perfect mastery in the technique of using similies and metaphors. When spears were hurled at Abbas from all the four corners, he describes the incident thus, (*Ibid.*, p24-28):

یوں برچھیاں تھیں چار طرف اُس جناب کے
جیسے کرن نکلتی ہے گر د آفتاب کے

He was so surrounded by the defiant spears as if rays were radiating out of Sun

Or,

مشکیزہ تھا کشتیر کے منہ میں سکار تھا

The water-bag was like the prey in the jaws of a lion?

Or,

گردنیں بارہ اسیروں کی ہیں اور ایک رتن
جس طرح رشتہ گلدستہ میں گھمائے چمن

A single rope which went round twelve necks,
like the thread that keeps together a bouquet of flower

Or,

مقل میں کیا ہجوم تھا اُس نورین پر
پردانے گر رہے تھے چراغ حسین پر

Of what a rush on the son of Husain,
as if moths were falling on a flame.

Or,

گھوڑے پہ تھا شقی کہ پہاڑی پہ دیوتا تھا

The tyrant on the horse, looked like a giant on a hill

Or,

مثل تنور منہ سے نکلنے لگا بخار

In the heat of anger, the monster was belching out vapours like an oven

Or,

یوں رُوح کے طائر تن دھر چھوڑ کے بھاگے

جیسے کوئی بھونچال میں گھر چھوڑ کے بھاگے

The soul left the bodies as if people ran away
in panic from their houses in an earthquake

Or,

پتے بہ رنگ چہرہ مدوق زرد تھے

In autumn, the leaves looked like the pale face of tubercular patients

Or,

دیکھو نئی بہار کہ سبزہ ہے پھول کا

Look at the wondrous spring, when the verdure flourishes on flowers

Or,

رہوار کیا، ہوا پہ سلیاں کا تخت تھا

The horse was floating in air like the famous carpet of Solomon

Or,

بیٹھا ہے شیر نیچے کوٹیکے ترائی میں

The eyes of the valiant hero looked like a lion sitting with his paws in the front

Or,

نیزے کی سناں کو سر تھمیرنے کاٹا
غل تھا کہ سر شمع کو ٹکڑے کاٹا

The spear-points were severed by the sword,
They said the candle head was trimmed with scissors

It is indeed an exceptional beauty of the poetry of Mir Anis that it is at much rhetorical as it is eloquent. There is unfortunately a fallacy about rhetoric, that it is such a composition in which difficult words, unusual structure, inverse metaphors and far-fetched similies are used. Similarly, there are people who, by rhetoric mean such a work, which is not easily intelligible. But, in reality, rhetoric means that dignified and graceful style in which each word is adroitly used and the whole composition is persuasive as well as impressive. Anis was a great master of rhetoric. It was mostly due to his poetry that uncouth words and expressions which had been in vogue during his days, lost their intrinsic value. Further, he took exceptional care of the broad rules and the minute details of the rhetoric. The poet paid special artistic attention to the description of a child, a youth, an aged man,

a lady and a maid-servant. Similarly, he was highly circumspect about the speeches of the spiritual leaders—their relatives, companions, followers as well as their opponents. So meticulously chiselled was he in the art of rhetoric that even from his very sketchy description, the status of a speaker can easily be inferred.

Anis simultaneously raised to its culmination the very style of rhetoric which he used with the utmost perfection. The most pleasing use of his similes and metaphor added glamour to his artistic finesse. He similarly depicted scenes, landscapes and emotions with a rare skill. The logical sequence of his narrative was not only ideal but matchlessly singular in the whole of the Urdu literature. It was because of his superb rhetorical power that nowhere in his works, the verse sank to the level of the plebians and the unlettered folks.

Even in writing dialogues and conventional language, Anis has remained unrivalled. The rendering of a speech into verse is not only difficult but it also tends to be unnatural. Anis, on the contrary, made the maximum use of speech in his poetry and with such a perfection that, with minor changes here and there, his poetry can easily be converted into limp prose. Another great merit of his poetry lies in his ability of dialogue-writing. In all his dialogues, he kept into consideration the personality, the position and the feeling of the speaker. He also gave due importance to the situation which the speaker was placed in. In the same way, the poet had much regard for the nuances, words, tones, intonations, ages and sex of his characters. But he used the best of his talents in the description of the character of Imam Husain, combining the angelic qualities with human virtues, thus creating a most superb man in the Imam. Very like the most inspiring personality of Husain, the poet presented the dialogues of the Imam with exceptional depth and vigour, eloquence and loftiness of ideals. As stated earlier, dialogue-writing is indeed a difficult art. It becomes all the more difficult in poetry because, as a matter of fact, conversation very often loses its vigour, directness and natural grace in the verse. But Mir Anis adopted such a simple form that his dialogues not only retained their vigour, directness and natural grace but their freshness and spontaneity too.

It is equally difficult to create through words the emotive power. Anis was also par excellence at a poet in this respect too. Similarly, he was at his best in the selection, arrangement and composition of his material. Thus, if one of his marsiyas is pieced together with his other marsiyas, it will never look disjointed; but if one of his marsiyas is recited before or after a marsiya of any other poet, the difference will be extremely striking.

S.M. Amir Imam Hur, a noted scholar, writes in this context:

“ ... each piece, called a 'marsiya' is complete in itself, but almost all of these several hundred pieces can be pieced together into a more or less continuous series, forming one great elegiac epic of martyrdom. On the average, each piece or 'marsiya' comprises well over one hundred and fifty sixtains; the longest seldom has more than some three hundred sixtains while the shortest rarely contains less than about fifty. The main factor limiting the length of a piece of the elegiac epic or 'marsiya' was the fact that it was generally recited in one sitting in accordance with the very expressive art of marsiya recitation— an art particular to the Urdu elegiac epic. Anis was gifted equally with the power of poetic creation and the art of recitation Besides composing the moving elegiac epic on the

martyrdom of Husain and his comrades, Anis also developed the art of reciting these compositions in an equally moving and expressive manner. Thus, to the art of poetic composition was wedded ceremoniously the art of expressive recitation—an example of the art of combining language with what is now called para-language for effective communication. The combination was telling in its results and it is recorded that Anis was eminently capable of employing this combination with spell-binding effects on his audience to elicit from them whatever was demanded by the theme and the subject-matter of his composition and with any degree of intensity appropriate to the occasion. He could move them to tears and bitter grief or rouse them to great fervour, send them into raptures of aesthetic delight or depress them into a state of utter despair. He could convey with appropriate modification of his voice and the manner of delivery what accomplished stage actors would have found most enviable. From his innermost self, right upto his handsome physical appearance and cultured speech and actions, he was truly a great poet and a genuinely creative artist. The aesthetic imagery and the ethical ideas that his artistic genius created and cast into the mould of his poetic compositions, had a profound influence on the socio-cultural milieu of his age and region.' (S. M. Amir Imam Hur, *Anis Centenary Number*, page 446, Rawalpindi-Islamabad, 1975)

As regards the power of writing moving dialogues, the learned author remarks:

"There is however one more element in the works of Anis that adds yet another dimension in his poetry. Besides the religious and moral dimension involving absolutes, the very natural and human qualities of the character that emerge from the dramatic narratives and moving dialogues of the elegiac epic poetry of Anis, have led some contemporary writers to make a comparative study of Anis and Shakespeare. But the analogy in this case cannot be carried far enough to yield any fruitful result. It does not go far enough because Anis was not a dramatist but a writer of elegiac epic. Still one does come across some fascinating parallels between these two so very different types of poets in matters pertaining to human relations of love and hate, courage and cowardice, cruelty and compassion, tyranny and humanity, callousness and sympathy, and so many other human contradictions. All such natural human contradictions and contrasts described in the poetry of Anis are, however, linked to his moral values and religious concepts involving absolutes and their mutual contrasts and contradictions which again remind the reader of such religious epics as those of Dante and Milton rather than the works of Shakespeare." (*Ibid.*, page 447)

Moderation is the very key-note of the works of Mir Anis. It is in three ways that the poet has made use of the moderation,

- (a) In word-order context, Anis never made unnecessary use of words for the extortion of more of the meaning.
- (b) In emotive value of word, Anis never tried to evoke savage emotions. On the other hand, the emotions which he aroused, are cultured and cultivated.
- (c) In writing panegyrics or lampoon, In his appreciation or denunciation of a personality or an object, Anis constrained himself to a reasonable limit. He never painted an orchard

more blissful than the Eden or a person more handsome than Joseph.

The description of battle-scenes is in fact a part of the portrayal of scenic beauty. It is one of the components of marsiya. Anis had a special regard for the presentation of the battle-scenes. As a painter of the battle-scenes, he was equally great. He described with much force the gallantry of the combatants, their arrival in the battle-ground, the recital of war-songs and the final encounter. Anis presented the whole of it with all its tricks and facts of skill. The poet had a first-rate knowledge of the terms used in swordsmanship, spearmanship, archery and horse riding. He used profusely but aptly these terms. So beautifully he has painted the battle-scenes which create but a vivid impression on the minds of his readers.

During the days of Anis, praise of sword or horse was regarded as an integral part of marsiya. Whatever was written in praise of sword, was indirectly a tribute to the accomplishment of its swordsman. Anis too, through the sword, paid his tributes to the swordsman. But, sixtain after sixtain, he had devoted for the praise of the sword itself. His most glowing tributes were in honour of the Dhulfiqar, the sword which was a divine gift for Imam Ali. It was possessed by Imam Husain in the battle of Karbala. Very like the presentation of the qualities of the sword, Anis made a description of the grace, faithfulness, agility, trot and swift-pacedness of the horse. It appears from his praise and description of the attributes of the horse that the poet had a thorough knowledge of the pedigree of horses, their qualities and habits. Besides, Anis was well-experienced in horse-riding.

In the olden days, the prevalent mode of battle in Arabia was that there appeared a warrior from each side of the combatants. Each warrior faced his adversary on the battle-ground. Before the encounter, he proudly recited a war poem. In the recitation, the warrior alluded to his lineage. Then he talked about the deeds of his forefathers and about his own achievements too. Anis composed highly effective and extremely lively 'war poems'. He presented each 'war poem' with a great skill, endeavouring his utmost to give a true picture of the warrior. That was why in the 'rajaz' of Imam Husain, the poet mentioned all the factual attributes and very little of sentiments. But in a situation where the show of strength became inevitable, Anis exhibited it with a solemn dignity.

The poet laid a considerable degree of emphasis on the 'farewell of the hero'. It was there that he displayed the purest and the noblest of emotions. To the farewell of Ali Akbar, the youthful son of Husain, Anis portrayed not only in manifold ways but with unfathomable pathos. But in each portrayal, he succeeded in retaining the naturalness which was but for his creative genius.

The most touching part of marsiya is 'lamentation'. Truly speaking, this part constitutes the very essence of marsiya. Anis did not dwell much on it and he was generally precise about it because lengthy lamentation is not salutary to human nature. Further, constant hammering on emotions creates undesirable results. But Anis regarded lamentation as extremely necessary for purging the pent-up emotions. The purge of emotions is known by the term 'catharsis'. Even though the poet was precise with the lamentation, he touched the deepest chords of human hearts and succeeded in wringing out the last drop of tears.

Much of the poetry of Dante and Milton was the outcome of an earnest desire “to justify the ways of God to man”. The poetry of Anis was fundamentally a source of spiritual exultation. Amir Imam Hur elucidates this point in his scholarly essay,

“However, there is one very outstanding quality that distinguishes the poetry of Anis and Dabir from that of the earlier Urdu and Persian poets, namely its intensely spiritual content. The violence and the supreme conflicts of the earlier epics is very much present in their poetry also. However, not only is the poetic canvas in it extended to assume awesome supernatural dimension but the emotional perspective also is given far greater depth and intensity in their poetry. It is veritable Armageddon not only between the palpable and physical forces representing 'good and evil' but also between the ideas of 'vice and virtue'. And in the midst of this supreme conflict between the powers of 'light and darkness', realization and ignorance, towers the indestructible personality of the martyr-hero and his handful of companions opposed to the despotic power of a tyrant and his mercenary hordes.

“Thus the concept of martyrdom, which is the main theme of the elegiac epic of both Anis and Dabir, is the living force contained in the message of optimum that their creative poetic genius formulated in response to all forms of disaster or defeat—the hero of the Urdu marsiya undergoes extreme physical and mental suffering prior to martyrdom, but his noble personality emerges supreme from all these trials and sufferings as the true victor in the contest between 'good and evil' and all the great moral and human values that the martyr personified, render his spirit immortal and a perpetual source of guidance and hope for humanity.” (*Ibid.*, page 445)

Like the poetry of other poets, the poetry of Anis had its own stages of development. In his learned article, Mr. Amir Imam writes,

“The well-known scholar of Urdu literature, Nazm Tabatabai, made an intensive study of the major portion of the extant works of Anis. A painstaking research by him resulted in the demarcation of three stages of the poetic development of Anis—the early, the middle and the late. On the basis of research, three volumes of the elegiac epics were published by Nazmi of Badayun.

“Probably Nazm Tabatabai was aware of the study of the works of Shakespeare, dividing his plays into the three stages of his literary development. The three stages of the poetry of Anis, as demarcated by Nazm Tabatabai, cannot, of course, be regarded in any rigid fashion for, obviously, the translation from one stage to another must have been gradual.

“Nevertheless the difference in the power and quality of expression is evident enough to allow such a division of his works. From youth to manhood and from manhood to old age, the power and quality of expression of Anis, as shown in his works, continues to grow steadily, without any sign of wavering at any stage. The works of the last stage show that Anis was at the very zenith of the poetic genius in his old age – a fact of which he is not only keenly conscious but has also expressed this feeling in a famous line which, more or less free translated, runs like this:

پیری کے دلوں میں خزاں کی بہار ہے

This poetry is a proof of my youth in old age ; it is my spring-time in winter.

"In his old age, Anis suffered from consumption and he has alluded to it by relating to his creative effort in poetry. Again a more or less free rendering of the line reads as follows,

گھٹا زورِ مشقِ سخن برپوئی
مگر خود کو وقفِ زباں کر دیا

My physical powers have waned,
My power of expression has gained,
I've consumed my entire being to my language?

"How very true ! the white heat of creative energy did consume hit entire being so much as to transform it into pure poetry." (*ibid.*, page 449)

As stated earlier, the dramatic narratives, the heart-moving dialogues, the imagery and the richness of the poetry of Anis led many a writer to draw an analogy between him and Shakespeare. But such an analogy is rather far-fetched. The learned author of the book entitled 'Anis and Shakespeare: a Comparison' was perhaps guided by the same impulse. There is no denying the fact that Anis and Shakespeare were poets of very great genius and they attained perfection in their own fields. In a similar way, both of them had a deep understanding of human nature, and both of them were endowed with a rich and profound vision of life. But dissimilarities outnumber their similarities. There are critics who have tried in their own way to draw a parallel between Anis and other epic poets. But these critics appear to have lost sight of the fact that whereas marsia has an epical grandeur, it is not an epic. Thus, no epic poet can in fact be compared with Anis. Dante, Virgil, Homer and Milton were undoubtedly great masters of epic and they were great poets too. But they cannot fairly be compared with Anis. Amir Imam yet finds a resemblance in the poetry of Anis with that of Alfred Tennyson. In the defense of his argument, he says,

"Anis not only extended the scope of expression in Urdu and made it more intense, his artistic genius refined and perfected its construction to a degree not possessed by it before his advent. The music, fluency and onomatopoeic quality of the descriptive and narrative pieces of his poetry may be, in all fairness, compared quite favourably with similar merits found in the English poetry in the poems of Tennyson (1809-1892), who happened to be more or less his contemporary though neither of them was aware of the other's existence : the linguistic attainments of Anis having been confined besides his own mother tongue (Urdu) to Arabic, Persian and Hindi or Prakrit, while Tennyson was perhaps unacquainted with the languages of the Orient

"Thus the poetry of Anis filled a big void in the Urdu literature whereas be introduced into the Urdu poetry the religious, spiritual and moral dedication that recalls to our mind the grandeur of Miltonian poetic vision, he also gave to it the psychological subtlety in

dialogue and narrative that often reminds us of Shakespeare's dramatic power and psychological insight. Together with these qualities, his poetry also has the fluency and music that one comes across in English in the poems of Tennyson. His poetry thus covers in the Urdu literature a very wide range of subject matter and possesses an equally wide variety of qualifier." (*Ibid.*, page 450)

Chapter 8, Personages of Marsiya

The following is a list of the persons, with their appellations whose names, repeatedly occur in the marsiyas. This list is being purposefully added so as to acquaint the readers of the English-speaking world with these personages.

The Lovers of Husayn

Although Prophet Muhammad (peace be upon him and his progeny), Ali, Fatima and Hasan were not existing at the time of the tragedy of Karbala, their names, appellations and references very often appear in the marsiyas.

Similarly, allusions are made of very many prophets such as Abraham, David, Jacob, Joseph, Noah and Jesus, etc.

As Husayn symbolized all the good, therefore at Karbala, where the battle between the good and the evil was fought, the Chief of the martyrs was the sole representative of all the prophets, from Adam to Muhammad (peace be upon him and his progeny.)

Names of Personages	Appellations
1. The Prophet of Islam , Muhammad, the son of Abdulla and Amina, the grandson of Abdul Muttalib	Ahmad, Mustafa, Risalat ma'b, Rasul Khuda, Paighambar, Payambar, Rasul, Risalat Panah, Na'na, Khatm an-Nabiyin, Khatm ar-Rasul, Khatm ar-Mursalin, Shaf'i Ma'shar, Shah Laulak, Ahmad Mukhtar, Khatimi Martabat, Nabi, Sartaj al-Anbiya, Jad
2. Hamza , one of the uncles of the Holy Prophet. He was one of the ardent champions of Islam and the Chief Supporter of the Messenger of God. Hamza was reputed for his bravery and was called the "lion of Arabia". He was martyred in the battle of Uhud . Hinda, wife of abu Sufyan and grand mother of Yazid, chewed his liver. His demolished grave in Madina is still a source of great attention to the pilgrims.	Amm rasul, Shahid Uhud, Sipah Salar, Bahadur
3. Jafar , Jafar b. abi Talib, was the brother of Ali. He was reputed for his bravery and devotion to the cause of Islam. To his son, Abdullah, the daughter of Ali named Zaynab, was married	Tayyar, Bahadur, Alamdar Lashkar ar-Rasul
4. Khadija , the first and the most devoted wife of the Holy Prophet who was the first along with Ali, to embrace Islam. She offered prayers with the Holy Prophet. It was from her that Fatima, the only daughter of the Holy Prophet was born.	

Khadija was a wealthy widow before her marriage to Muhammad. After she was married to him, her whole wealth was spent for the preaching of Islam. The Holy Prophet loved and respected her to a very great extent. She died in the year which is called al-amul Huzn, the year of mourning. The same year, abu Talib the protector and the most loving uncle of the Prophet died. She was buried in Jannat al-baqi, Mecca. Her grave too is in abject condition.

5. **Umm al-Salamah**, one of the devoted wives of the Holy Prophet. She was too extremely good natured. Umm al-Salamah loved Husayn very much. At the time of Husayn's departure from Madina, she was left there due to old age and also to look after Fatima al-Sughra, the ailing daughter of Husayn

Nani, Umm al-Salamah

6. **Ali, son of abu Talib**, the cousin and son in law of the Holy Prophet. One of the greatest stalwarts and allies of the Prophet of Islam. Infact in all important and unimportant events, Ali remained a constant shadow of the shadowless Prophet.

Shah Kainat, Shah Najaf, Sher Khuda, Dast Khuda, Amir al-Muminin, Alamdar ar-Rasul, Qatil antar, Fateh Khyber, Asad Ullah, Sher Ilah, Shah Mardan, La Fata, abu Turab, Nafs ar-Rasul, Zawj al-Batul, Saqi Kawthar, Haider Karrar, Ghayr Farrar, Mushkil Kusha, Haider, Murtadha

Ali was one of the greatest generals that the world has seen. In the field of knowledge, too, he was only second to the Holy Prophet. His sermonic teachings are compiled in the book, 'Nahj al-balaghah'.

Ali was defacto the fourth caliph while he was dejure the first one.

Ali was the husband to Fatimah al-Zahra and the father of Hassan, Husayn, Zaynab and Umm al-Kulthum. After the death of Fatimah, he married Umm al-Banin, who belonged to a distinct arab tribe noted for its bravery. From her, four children, including Abbas were born. Abbas fought so valiantly and faithfully for Husayn at Karbala that his name has become synonymous with valour and faithfulness.

As a result of conspiracy, Ali was assassinated at a mosque in Kufa in the 40th Hijrah while he was offering morning prayers.

Ali was born within the precincts of the Holy Ka'abah, a distinction which no other human being has so far shared.

7. **Fatimah**, the only and the most darling daughter of the Holy Prophet, is one of the 14 infallibles (masum). According to a tradition of

Batul, Zahrah, Khayr an-Nisa, M'an, Amman, Bibi, Dadi

the Holy Prophet, she is the 'Leader of the Womenfolk' of the universe and the Lady of paradise.

A paragon of all virtues, Fatimah lived an exemplary life as a daughter, as a wife and a mother.

The Holy Prophet, married her to Ali b. abi Talib. She had four children, Hassan, Husayn, Zaynab and Umm al-Kulthum.

She loved her father so dearly that soon after his death, she died. She was buried at Jannat al-Baqi, Madina al-Munawwarra. Her tomb was unfortunately demolished in the year 1925.

8. **Umm al-Banin**, a lady of great virtue who came of a noble and warring arab tribe whom Ali married after the death of Fatimah al-Zahrah. Batul, Zahrah, Khayr an-Nisa, M'an, Amman, Bibi, Dadi

Besides other children, Umm al-Banin gave birth to Abbas, who was a great lover of Husayn. She was at Madina at the time of the tragedy of Karbala.

9. **Hassan**, the elder grand-son of the Holy Prophet and the elder son of Ali and Fatimah, born at Madina in 3rd year of the Hijrah. He was a pious and God-fearing person. Shabbar, Sabz Qaba, Syed as-Masmum, Hassan al-Mujtaba

He was also famous for his generosity the second of the twelve Imams. He was poisoned in the 50th year of the Hijrah. His grave too exists in Jannat al-Baqi in Madina in a pitiable condition.

10. **Husayn**, the younger grandson of the Holy Prophet and the younger son of Ali and Fatimah. Husayn was born in Madina in the 4th year of the Hijrah. The Prophet of Islam showered most of his love and affection on him as he loved Hasan. Shabbir, Syed ash-Shuhada, Farzand ar-Rasul, Nawasa ar-Rasul, Sibte ar-Rasulath-Thaqalayn, Ibn Shah al-Najaf, Warith an-nabuwat, Imam, Imam al-abrar, Imam do-jahan, A'qa, Mawla, bhai, Baradar, Man Jaye, Shah Shehanshah

The famous saying of the Prophet are "Hassan and Husayn are the Lords of Paradise" and "Husayn is unto me and I am unto Husayn"

To Husayn, Islam was dearer than even his own life and when he found it threatened by the gravest danger, he saved it with his own blood.

Intrepid and bold, magnanimous and large-hearted, resolute and firm, patient and forbearing, Husayn created a new history. He combated the evil forces of Yazid with the force

of his truth and scored with a singular victory that is name is immortalized.

Husayn was martyred on the 10th of Muharram, in the 61st year of the Hijrah at Karbala, along with 71 other faithful companions.

11. **Zaynab**, the elder grand-daughter of the Holy Prophet and the eldest daughter of Fatimah, Zaynab had an exemplary love for her brother Husayn. She was present with him at Karbala and she to suffered the most. In the way of God to protext Islam, she sacrificed her two sons, Awn and Muhammad. He mausoleum is in Damascus
12. **Umm al-Kulthum**, the younger sister of Husayn, Umm al-Kulthum was also present at Karbala and after the martyrdom of Husayn was taken to Syria as one of the prisoners.
13. **Leila**, One of the two wives of Husayn, she was the mother to Ali Akbar.
14. **Raba**, another wife of Husayn, who was the daughter of the persian king, called Yazd Jard. The king surrendered to the muslim army. Afterwards, the housefolk of the king embraced Islan and Rabab too came to the fold of Islam. It was on the wish of Ali that Husayn married her. Her infant son, Ali Asghar, aged 6 months, was the youngest of the martyrs of Karbala.
15. **Muslim b. Aqil**, the first cousin of Husayn who was bold, upright and a man of great virtues.

Sanie az-Zahram bt. Ali, bt. Fatimah, Khaohar Imam, aBehan, Shah ki Hamshir, Asir as-Sitam, Man Jay'i

Kulthum, Behan, bt. Ali, bt. Fatimah, Khwaher Imam, Man Jay'i.

Umm al-Leila, Ma'dare Ali Akbar

Shehar Bano, Bano, Ma'dare Ali Asghar

Ailchi, Ailchi Imam, Safir, Muslim, Bradar

Husayn sent him to Kufa as his emissary. Muslim was mercilessly tortured to death on the 9th of Dhill Hajj, in the 60th year of the Hijrah.

16. **Abbas**, the valiant son of Ali from his second wife, Umm al-Banin.

Baradar Imam, Alamdar Sipah Husayn, Abbas ba-Wafa, Am, Chacha, Saqqa, Saqqa'l Sakina

According to a narrative, Ali entrusted Abbas to Husayn at the time of his death. Husayn loved and cared for his brother in the best possible way. Abbas too loved and respected Husayn in an ideal manner.

Abbas always addressed Husayn as "my liege", "my master", and when Husayn was surrounded by the most abject misery at Karbala, Abbas sacrificed for his master all the he possessed. With him, his other brothers named Jafar, Uthman and Abdullah also laid down their lives.

At a short distance from the mausoleum of Husayn there is the awe striking mausoleum of

Abbas which reminds one that is a name synonymous with devotion and duty, faithfulness and love. It is said that he was 32 years when he was martyred.

17. **Ali b. Husayn**, the eldest son of Husayn was the only adult male to survive on the 10th of Muharram in the 61st year of the Hijrah. On account of his serious illness, he could not move and therefore remained confined to bed. After the martyrdom of Husayn, Yazid's army made him a captive, subjected him to torture and took him to Syria as a prisoner.

Syed as-Sajjad, Zain al-Abidin, Bimar Karbala, Abid

He is the fourth Imam, and his grave exists at Jannat al-Baqi, Madina, in a dilapidated condition.

18. **Ali Akbar**, another son of Husayn who was 18 years old when the event of Karbala took place. It is said that Akbar combined in him the elegance of the Holy Prophet and the valour of Ali.
19. **Qasim**, was the nephew of Husayn whom the uncle loved much.

Dilbar Laila, Ham Shabiha Paghaymbar, Attahara Sal wale

Gul Fam, Badan, Dulah, Bhatija, Bhai Ki Nishani

At the time of the tragedy of Karbala, Qasim was only 13 years old but so brave he was that he killed Arzaq, a great and famous Syrian warrior and wrestler.

20. **Awn and Muhammad**, were the sons of Zaynab and nephews of Husayn. The sister had such an unbounded love for her brother and his mission that she heartily allowed her sons to wage participate in the battle in Karbala.

Jaffar at-Tayyar ke Pote, Zaynab ke Dolare, Warith dar alam al-Islam, Waris Jaffar Tayyar

Despite tender ages, Awn and Muhammad fought fiercely. They killed enemy soldiers and assaulted the tent of Ibn Sad, the command in chief of Yazid's army.

21. **Ali Asghar**, the six month old infant of Husayn who too was made a victim of the worst tyranny of Yazid and his army men. This infant was also denied water. Milk, a usual diet for children of his age, was out of question. His mother could not suckle him because continuous hunger and thirst for days and days together had caused her own milk dried up.

Bei sh'ir, Masum, Shash Ma'h, Shir Khaw'r

In the galaxy of the martyrs of Karbala, Ali Asghar is the youngest of the martyrs. His martyrdom is the most appalling and poignant.

22. **Kubra**, the eldest daughter of Husayn, who according to narrative was married to Qasim b. Hassan during the night of Ashura, i.e. the 10th

Dulhan Aik Shab Ki, Dulhan, Dukhtar Husayn, Ali ki Poti

of Muharram.

Along with members of her family, Kubra was taken to Syria as prisoner.

23. **Sughra**, another daughter of Husayn who was left in Madina because she was too ill to undertake the journey. Sughra, Bimar
24. **Sakina**, the youngest and the most darling daughter of Husayn who as the narrative goes was only four years of age when the tragedy of Karbala occurred. Ba'li Sakina, Dukhtar Imam, Bhatiji Nazon ki Pali

She too experienced the agony of hunger and thirst with her other relatives. After assassinating Husayn, Shimr struck her blows, and injured her ears in lotting ear rings, she was taken to Syria as one of the war prisoners.

Sakina, too young to face hardships and torture could not survive long and at last died in the dungeon where the progeny of the Holy Prophet were imprisoned.

25. **Habib b. Mazahir**, a close friend of Husayn, he too sacrificed his life for the grandson of the Holy Prophet.

Anis has at places depicted Habib as an old man of 72 years fo age.

26. **Hurr b. Riyyahi**, he was a commander of Yazids forces , intercepted Husayns way and compelled him to go to Kufa.

But Hurr, was overcome with the generosity and kindness of Husayn. The severities of Yazid and his henchmen further convinced Hurr of the justness of Husayns cause. At last, in the early hours of the 10th of Muharram, he defected from Yazids army and became Husayns ally and supporter, accompanied by his son and slave. All three fought bravely for Husayn, they killed many enemy soldiers, and attained martyrdom.

27. **Muslim b. Awsajah**, one of the compatriots of Husayn who laid down his life for the just cause.
28. **Jawn**, was of African descent, his love for his master Husayn was so much that he was bent on sacrificing his life At least he went to the battle field, fought well and attained martyrdom.

The Horde of Yazid

1. **Yazid b. Muawiyah**, was the grandson of abu Sufyan, the son of Muawiyah, the originator of Kingship in Islam. It was his grandmother of Hind, who had chewed the liver of Hamzah, the Holy Prophet's uncle.

Yazid was not only responsible for the tragedy of Karbala, but in the 63rd year of the Hijrah, he ordered an attack at Madina where hundreds of the companions of the Holy Prophet were slain. The Prophets mosque was converted into a stable for his cavalry, and the Ka'abah was also attacked and stoned with catapults.

2. **Ubaydallah b. Ziyad**, was the governor of Kufa, upon whose command Muslim b. Aqil was killed. In the martyrdom of Husayn, and his companions, Ibn Ziyad was the main accomplice of Yazid. Born of a woman named Sumayyah, Ziyad was the half brother of Muawiyah.

3. **Umar b. Sad**, was the commanding officer of the army of Yazid. He was the son of Sad b. abi Waqqas, the conqueror of Iran. Umar was the chief planner, the real strategist and it was under his command that the army fought the battle of Karbala.
4. **Shimr Dh'il Jawshan**, was the assassin of Husayn, after Husayn and his companions were martyred, the tents were looted and women were maltreated.
5. **Harith**, an official in the administration of Kufa, who for temptations of gains from Yazid, massacred the sons of Muslim b. Aqil.
6. **Khuli**, a soldier in the army, it was on his spear that the head of Husayn was raised.
7. **Arzaq**, a famous Syrian wrestler and warrior of his time, killed by Qasim, nephew of Husayn.
8. **Hasin b. Namir**, one of the chiefs in the army, he was the killer of Ali Akbar, the 18 year old son of Husayn.
9. **Hurmula b. Kah'il**, an expert archer of his time, was the killer of Ali Asghar, the infant son of Husayn.
10. **Hammal**, who chopped off the fingers of Husayn, to acquire his rings.

Not the Opponents

1. **Hinda or Hinda**, the wife of Yazid but a believer in Islam and a great adorer of Husayn. When the facts of the tragedy of Karbala were revealed, she cursed Yazid and mourned the martyrdom of the grandson of the Holy Prophet. It was on her persuasion that Yazid released the household of Husayn.
2. **Bashir b Numan**, the care taker and incharge of the caravan of the progeny of the Prophet who were sent back to Medina, discharged his duties and proved to be an adorer of the ahl al-bayt.

Chapter 9, The Marsiya of Mir Anis

یا رب چمنِ نظم کو گلزارِ اِرم کر

O God ! make my bouquet of poetry, bloom into a heavenly bower.

1.

یا رب چمنِ نظم کو شکارِ ارم کر اے ابرکرم خشکِ زراعت پہ کرم کر
توفیق کا مہدا ہے توجہ کوئی دم کر گمنام کو اعجازِ بیافوں میں رستم کر
جب تک یہ چمک مہر کے پرتو سے نہ جائے
اقلیمِ سخن میرے قلمِ رو سے نہ جائے

O God ! make my bouquet of poetry bloom into a Heavenly bower.
Thou art all rain, and I am a parched crop, soak me with water,
Thou art all Grace, shower me with Thy grace for a while,
O God ! I am all mute, give me a tongue, fluent and agile,
So long as the sun retains its luminous lustre.
My pen be blessed with a serene and sublime grandeur.

2.

اس باغ میں چشمے ہیں ترے فیض کے جاری بلبیل کی زباں پر ہے تری شکر گزاری
ہر نخلِ بردمند ہے یا حضرت باری! پھل ہم کو بھی مل جائے ریاضتِ گہاری
وہ گئی ہوں عنایتِ چمنِ طبعِ بکھر کو
بلبل نے بھی سونگھا نہ ہو جن پھولوں کی بو کو

In the world all around, Thy grace is in plentitude,
For which the nightingale sings hymns of gratitude,
Each sapling bows and worships Thee, O Lord !,
For my labour, I wish Thy favour as reward,
Bedeck me therefore, with all lovely laurels,
And my work be reckoned as one of the marvels.

3.

غواصِ طبیعت کو عطا کر وہ لالی ہو جن کی جگہ تاجِ سرِ عرش پہ خالی
اک ایک لڑی نظمِ ثریا سے ہو عالی عالم کی نگاہوں سے گمے تطبِ شمالی
سب ہوں دُرِ یکتا نہ علائقہ ہو کسی سے
نذر اُن کی یہ ہوں گئے جنہیں رشتہ ہے نبی سے

Bless my searching soul, with deep insight,
Like precious gems, studded, in a monarch's crown to light,
Higher than the pleiades, my thoughts may soar,
And the Pole Star, be a guide no more,
All brightest gems, that dawn upon my ken,
I cull them all, but for the Prophet's kinsmen.

4.

تعریف میں چشمے کو سمندر سے ملادوں قطرے کو جو دوں آپ تو گوہر سے ملادوں
 ذرے کی چمک مہرِ منور سے ملادوں خاروں کو نزاکت میں مگر تر سے ملادوں
 گلدستہ معنی کو نئے ڈھنگ سے باندھوں
 ایک پھول کا مضمون ہو تو سوزِ نگے باندھوں

I have the power to paint a rivulet, bigger than a sea profound,
 And roll a drop of water, into a pearl renowned,
 And lend such grace to a particle of dust, so as to vie with sun,
 And the thorns look as comely as a rose, their ruggedness shun,
 I give new shape and colour, to the realm of thought,
 And that too, with manifold notions fraught

5.

گر بزم کی جانب ہو توجہ دمِ تحریر کھینچ جائے ابھی گلشنِ فردوس کی تصویر
 دیکھتے نہ کبھی صحبتِ انجمِ فلکِ پیسر ہو جائے ہوا بزمِ سلیمان کی بھی توتیسر
 یوں تختِ حسینانِ معانی اتر آئے
 ہر چشم کو پریوں کا اکھاڑا نظر آئے

And if I paint, a graphic picture, of a gallery,
 All celestial beauty be presented, in its entirety,
 Stripped of stars, shall the firmament be made,
 The legend of Solomon's5 synod shall fade,
 An image of wonderland,
 I can create, To people it with fairies, and wonders to permeate

6.

آؤں طرفِ رزم ابھی چھوڑ کے گر بزم خیبر کی خبر لائے مری طبع اولوا العزم
 قطعِ سرا اعدا کا ارادہ ہو جو بالجزم دکھلائے یہیں سب کو زباںِ معرکہ رزم
 جل جائیں عداؤں کی بھڑکتی نظر آئے
 تلوار پہ تلوار چمکتی نظر آئے

After the pageantry of peace, if battle I survey,
 Khyber alone, my set disposition convey,
 The enemies are slain, in quick succession,
 And in the battle-field, they are on a run,
 In the heat of battle, all foes are burnt,
 With the slash of swords, a new experience they have learnt

7.

تائید کا ہنگام ہے 'یا حیدرِ صفدر' امدادِ ترا کام ہے 'یا حیدرِ صفدر' !
 تو صاحبِ اکرام ہے 'یا حیدرِ صفدر' تیرا ہی کرمِ عام ہے 'یا حیدرِ صفدر' !
 تنہا ترے اقبال سے شمشیر بکفت ہوں
 سب ایک طرف جمع ہیں میں ایک طرف ہوں

Your help is most genuinely sought, O Haider, the Valiant !,
 Relief to men, you have always wrought, O Haider, the Valiant !,
 You are highly gracious, and compassionate, O Haider the Valiant! ,
 Your benediction is pure and chaste, O Haider, the Valiant !,
 With faith in you, I charge the world with a sword,
 I am all alone, and against me a horde

8.

نا تو درمی عالم کی شکایت نہیں مولا کچھ دفتِ باطل کی حقیقت نہیں مولا
 یا ہم محلِ دُلبیل میں، محبت نہیں مولا میں کیا ہوں کسی روح کو راحت نہیں مولا
 عالم ہے مکر، کوئی دل صاف نہیں ہے
 اس عہد میں سب کچھ ہے 'پہ انصاف نہیں ہے'

Of callousness of hearts, I complain not, my liege ! ,
 The vile accusations are ill-got, my liege !,
 Betwixt nightingale and damask rose, no love exists, my liege !,
 It's not only me agonised, but each soul writhes, my liege !,
 There is dismal darkness all around, all human hearts bleed,
 Injustice is the order of day, and men are marred by greed.

9.

نیک اور بد عالم میں، تامل نہیں کرتے عارف کبھی اتنا بھی تجاہل نہیں کرتے
 خادوں کے لئے، رُخِ طرفِ بھل نہیں کرتے تعریفِ خوش الحان، ابلبل نہیں کرتے
 خاموش ہیں، گوشینہ دل چور ہوئے ہیں
 اشکوں کے ٹپک پڑنے سے مجبور ہوئے ہیں

The good are being dwarfed by the wicked,
 The ignorant keep, defying the learned,
 Merit has lost, its virtue and worth, T
 O the dull-witted, beauty has no mirth,
 With aching heart, I am perforce mute,
 But tears roll down, when the pain is acute.

10.

الماس سے بہتر یہ سمجھتے ہیں خدث کو دُر کو تو گھٹاتے ہیں، بڑھاتے ہیں صدف کو
اندھیر یہ ہے چاند بتاتے ہیں کلف کو کھودیتے ہیں شیشے کے لئے دَرِ نجف کو
ضائع ہیں دُر و لعل، پختاں و عدن کے
مٹی میں ملاتے ہیں جو اہر کو سخن کے

A lowly stone is hailed, but a diamond is defamed,
The pearl has lost its lustre, but the shell is well acclaimed,
Woe to them, who compare the starchy substance to silvery moon,
And value a common glass, more than a pure white stone under swoon,
The rubies of Badakhshan and Aden, are worthless to them,
And all the gems of wisdom, are meaningless to them.

11.

کیا ہو گئے وہ جو ہریانِ سخن اک بار ہر وقت جو اس جنس کے رہتے تھے طلبکار
اب ہے کوئی طالب نہ شناسا، نہ خسر یار ہے کون، دکھائیں کسے یہ گوہرِ شہوار
کس وقت یہاں چھوڑ کے ملکِ عدم آئے
جب اٹھ گئے بازار سے کاکہک تو ہم آئے

Gone are the patrons, the lovers of art,
Who loved and cared for men of craft,
None exists now, with a taste so rich and varied,
Who is to value, this work of great merit indeed ?,
I dawned upon the scene, when the lovers of art were gone,
The commodity came to be available, when the customers were gone.

12.

خواہاں نہیں یا قوتِ سخن کا کوئی گورِ آج ہے آپ کی سرکار تو یا صاحبِ معراج!
اسے باعثِ ایجا درجہاں، خلق کے سرتاج! ہو جائے گا دم بومیں غنی بندہ محتاج
امید اسی گھر کی، وسیلہ اسی گھر کا
دولت یہی میری، یہی توشہ ہے سفر کا

If lovers of letters don't exist, no matter,
To me you matter most, you Holy Prophet, you're all and ever,
The Almighty God, created the universe but for you,
And none can fill my coffers, better except you,
You, and the people of your house, are the source of exultation,
In your adoration lies, the path of my salvation

13.

میں کیا ہوں مری طبع ہے کیا اے شہرِ ذیشان حسانِ دُفَرزدی ہیں یاں عاجز و حیراں
شرمندہ زمانے سے گئے واپس دُسخباں قاصر ہیں سخنِ فہم و سخنِ سنج و سخنِ دُسخنداں
کیا مدح کفِ خاک سے ہو نورِ خدا کی
لُکنتِ سیہیں کرتی ہیں زبانیں فصحا کی

O King of kings ! I am nothing, my mind is like a fen,
Bewildered are, not only Hassan and Farazdaq, but all such men,
Even Wa'el and Sahban went all ashamed,
You're incomprehensible, the learned feel but mentally maimed,
You're the Celestial Light, and I mere dust, I can't adore,
The best tongues are laden with crust, I can't adore.

14.

لا یعلم ولا علم کی کیا سحرِ بیانی حضرت پہ ہو یدِ اسے مری بہجِ دانی
نے دُہن میں جو دت نہ طبیعت میں روانی گویا ہوں، فقط ہے یہ تری فیضِ رسانی
میں کیا ہوں، فرشتوں کی طلاقت ہے تو کیا ہے
وہ خاص یہ بندے ہیں کہ مدارِ خدا ہے

What's the eloquence of an ignorant being, like me,
O Holy Being ! you know that from ignorance, I am not free,
I possess neither agility of mind, nor a facile disposition,
Whatever I am, is rather owing to your grace and compassion,
I'm but a human being, even the angels can't you appraise,
To His own chosen creatures, God does of late and early praise.

15.

تھا جوشِ کچھ ایسا ہی جو دعویٰ کیا میں نے خود سرِ بگرباں ہوں کہ یہ کیا کیا میں نے
اک قطرہٗ ناچیز کو دریا کیا میں نے تقصیرِ بھل کیجئے، لے جا کیا میں نے
ہاں سچ ہے کہ اتنی بھی تعلق نہ روا تھی
مولا ! یہ کیجئے بھولوں کی دوا تھی

The surging passions, made me say,
That I'm the composer, of the best of lay,
That I could stretch, a drop of water, into a river,
But I beseech you to forgive my faults, which are fewer,
It's true that the claim of an inflated ego, had no justification,
But it was to cure my heart-wounds, and to act as medication

16.

مجرم ہوں، کبھی ایسی خطا کی نہیں میں نے بھولے سے کبھی آپ اپنی شنا کی نہیں میں نے
دل سے کبھی مدحِ اُمراء کی نہیں میں نے تقلیدِ کلامِ جہلا کی نہیں میں نے
نازلاں ہوں محبت پہ امامِ ازل کی
ساری یہ تعلق ہے حمایت پہ علی کی

I admit my fault, but never before, have I committed a failing,
And never have I indulged, in self-praise unassailing,
Nor have I ever eulogised wittingly, power and pelf,
I have never emulated, a talent inferior to myself,
I pride in the love of my Leader, the Saviour,
My strength of self springs from Ali, the Helper

17.

ہر چند زبان کیا مری اور کیا مری تقریر دن رات وظیفہ ہے شتِ خوانیِ شبیر
منظور ہے اک باب میں دو فصل کی تحریر مولا کی مدد کا معنی ہے یہ دلگیر
یہ فصل نئے رنگ سے کافز پہ رستم ہو
اک بزم ہو شادی کی تو اک صحبتِ غم ہو

Of no worth is, my speech and oration,
Engrossed day and night, I am in Shabbir's adoration,
A two-fold description, is my heart's desire,
Crest-fallen I am, my liege ! I beseech you to inspire,
It's in this way, that I make a description, novel and thorough,
The one of jubilation, the other of sorrow.

18.

شعبان کی ہے تاریخِ سومِ روزِ ولادت اور ہے دہمِ ماہِ عزائمِ شہادت
دونوں میں بہر حال ہے تھیلِ سعادت وہ بھی علیٰ خیر ہے یہ بھی ہے عبادت
مداح ہوں، کیا کچھ نہیں اس گھر سے ملا ہے
کوثر ہے جملہ اس کا، بہشت اس کا صلہ ہے

The third Shaba'n is the propitious birthday,
And tenth Muharram is the martyrdom day,
Both the events are great, and both celebrity,
One is worship, the other an act of piety,
I'm the adorer, because this house has made me richer and richer,
For one the reward is Kausar, and Paradise for the other.

19.

ہاں اے فلکِ پیر ! نئے سرے جواں ہو اے ماؤ شبِ چار دہم ! نورِ فشاں ہو
اے ظلمتِ غم ! دیدہ عالم سے نہاں ہو اے روشنی صبحِ شبِ عید ! عیاں ہو
شادی ہے ولادتِ می ید اللہ کے گھر میں
خورشید اُترتا ہے شہنشاہ کے گھر میں

O antiquated canopy ! wear a new garment,
O full and mature moon ! shed a lustre resplendent,
O gloom of corrosive suffering ! be banished for good,
O lovely light of morn ! lift merrily thy hood,
The joyous birth occurs, in the abode of Ali,
The sun itself descends to the palace kingly

20.

اے شمس و قمر ! او قدر ہوتا ہے پیدا نخلِ چین دیں کا ثمر ہوتا ہے پیدا
خدا و مہ عالم کا پس ہوتا ہے پیدا جو عرش کی صوبہ، وہ گھر ہوتا ہے پیدا
ہر جسم میں جاں آتی ہے مذکور سے جس کے
نورِ خدا ہوں گے عیاں نور سے جس کے

O Sun ! O Moon ! a new moon is born,
The rewarding fruit of faith, is born,
The son of the Lady of Universe, is born,
The most lustrous light of empyrean is born,
Each soul thus feels, invigorating delight,
Nine luminaries, shall indeed, follow this light.

21.

اے کعبہ ایکاں ! تری حرمت کے دن آئے اے رکنِ یمانی ! تری شوکت کے دن آئے
اے بیتِ مقدس ! تری حرمت کے دن آئے اے چشمہ زمزم ! تری جاہت کے دن آئے
اے سنگِ حرم ! جلوہ خانی ہوئی تجھ سے
اے کوہِ صفا ! اور صفائی ہوئی تجھ سے

O Ka'ba of faith ! thou art holier now,
O Rukn-e-Yamani ! thou art grander now,
O Jerusalem ! thou art more sanctified,
O Fountain of Zamzam thou art loved all wide,
O Sacred Stone ! thou art greater glory's manifestation,
O Mount of Safa ! thou art soul's sanitation

22.

اے یثرب و بٹھا ! ترے والی کی ہے آمد لے رتیبہ اعلیٰ شہِ عالی کی ہے آمد
عالم کی تغیری پہ بحالی کی ہے آمد کہتے ہیں چین، ماورِ جلالی کی ہے آمد
یہ خانہ کعبہ کی مباہات کے دن ہیں
یعقوب سے یوسف کی ملاقات کے دن ہیں

O Yathrib and Batha ! thy liege and lord, is coming,
Be complacent, thy protector and guard, is coming,
With his advent, the world is sure to change for better,
Of a new tone and tenor, he is said to be the setter,
Verily are these days of Ka'ba's rejoicings,
And with unhappy Jacob, lovely Joseph's meetings.

23.

اے ارضِ مدینہ ! تجھے فوق اب ہے نکل پر رونق جو سمار پر ہے وہ اب ہوگی سمک پر
خورشیدِ ملا، تیرا ستارہ ہے چمک پر صدقے گلِ جنت، ترے پھولوں کی مہک پر
پر جس پہ فرشتوں کے بچھیں فرشِ وہی ہے
جس خاک پہ ہو نورِ خدا، عرشِ وہی ہے

O land of Madina ! thou art nobler, and higher than heaven,
The earth shall now share, the splendour of Heaven,
More than the sun, thy star is refulgent,
More than a rose of Heaven, thy flower is fragrant,
The pavement is that, where angels, their wings spread,
And that's the empyrean, wherefrom the Divine Light is shed.

24.

یا ختمِ رسل ! گو ہر مقصودِ مبارکٹ یا نورِ خدا ! رحمتِ معبودِ مبارکٹ
یا شاہِ نجف ! شادیِ مولودِ مبارکٹ یا خیرِ نسا ! اخترِ مسعودِ مبارکٹ
رونق ہو سدا، نورِ دو بالائے گھر میں
اس ماورِ دو ہفتہ کا اجالا ہے گھر میں

O Last of the Prophets ! felicitations for the coveted gem,
O Light of God ! felicitations for the divine emblem,
O King of Najaf, for the happy birth, congratulation,
O Blessed Lady, this son of yours, is a propitious omen,
May this house be blessed, with an eternal light,
May this eternal light, be blessed with perennial delight

25.

اے ماہِ معظم! ترے اقبال کے صدقے شوکت کے ذرا، عظمت و اجلال کے صدقے
 اُتری برکت، فاطمہ کے لال کے صدقے جس سال یہ پیدا ہوئے، اُس سال کے صدقے
 قربانِ محرمِ عید اگر ہو تو بجا ہے
 نو روز بھی اس شب کی بزرگی پہ ندامت ہے

O august month!, thy lot is great,
 Thy grandeur grand, stately state,
 All the blessings are but, by the grace of Fatima's darling,
 Propitious is the year of his birth, the year of rejoicing,
 Much poorer is the gaiety, of Eid's morning,
 And the nocturnal beauty, of Nauroz is nothing.

26.

قربانِ شبِ جمعہ شعبانِ خوش انجام پیدا ہوا جس شب کو محمدؐ کا شعلہ اندام
 قائم ہوا دین اور بڑھی رونقِ اسلام ہم پلہ صبحِ شبِ معراج تھی وہ شام
 غور شنید کا اجلال و شرف بدر سے پوچھو
 کیا قدر تھی اُس شب کی شبِ قدر سے پوچھو

How soul-stirring was, that Friday night,
 When Mohammad's grandson was born, to all men's delight,
 Religion thrived, the glory of Islam became more splendid,
 That evening rivalled with, the Night of Ascent
 How radiant was the sun, speak O full moon-light !
 How graceful was the night, speak O Great Night !

27.

وہ نورِ سمر اور وہ دُرِ افشانی - انجم تھی جس کے سبب روشنی دیدہ مردم
 وہ چہچہہِ رضواں کے، وہ عروں کا تبسم آپس میں وہ ہنس ہنس کے فرشتوں کا تکلم
 میکال شگفتہ ہوئے جلتے تھے خوشی سے
 جبریلؑ تو پھولوں نہ سماتے تھے خوشی سے

The milkiness of moon, the refulgence of stars,
 Which lent light to vision of men, and removed their scars,
 The fairies smiled gaily, the guard of Heaven guffawed,
 The angels conversed mirthfully, and each of them felt awed,
 Bursting with joy was Michael, the angel,
 Brimmed with elation was Gabriel, the angel.

28.

روشن تھا مدینہ کا ہر اک کونچہ و بازار جو راہ تھی خوشبو جو محلہ تھا وہ گلزار
کھوٹے ہوئے تھا آہوئے شبِ نائے تاتار معلوم یہ ہوتا تھا کہ پھولوں کا ہے انبار
گر دوں کو بھی اک رشک تھا زینتِ پہنیں کی
ہر گھر میں ہوا آتی تھی سر دوس بریں کی

Flooded with light was Madina's each corner and nook,
Fragrant was each way, and every borough gave a new look,
Odorous was that night, like a Tatarian deer, full of musk,
Or that, it looked like a heap of fragrant damask,
Never was the earth so majestic, nor was the sky so envy-laden,
Blessed was each hearth and home, with an azure from Heaven.

29.

تھیں فاطمہ بے چین ادھر دردِ شکم سے منہ نق تھا اور آنسو تے رواں دیدہ نم سے
وابستہ تھی راحت جو اسی بی بی کے دم سے مضطرب تھے علی، بنتِ پیبر کے الم سے
آرام تھا اک دم نہ ہشہ قلعہ شکن کو
پھرتے تھے لگائے ہوئے چھائی سے حسن کو

The agony made Fatima, restless with pain,
Her face paled, and gushed out tears in train,
As the Lady was, the house-comforter.
Her sufferings made Ali, all the sadder,
Distressed he felt, each moment his heart smirched,
He sauntered to and fro, with Hasan into his lap perched.

30.

کرتے تھے دعا، بادشہ یثرب و بلحا راحم ہے تری ذات مقدس مرے مولا،
زہرا ہے کنیز اور مرا بچہ ترا بستہ آسان کراے بارِ خدا! مشکلِ زہرا
نا دار ہے اور فائدہ کش و زار و حزیں ہے
مادر بھی تشفی کے لئے پاس نہیں ہے

The King of Yathrib, thus prayed God Almighty,
Most Merciful, Most Sanctified art Thou, O Deity !,
Zehra is thy maid, and my son a slave,
Soothe her sufferings, in her difficult way ease pave,
She is in fact poor, sorrow-stricken and starving,
To comfort her sad heart, her mother isn't surviving.

31.

ناگاہ درِ تجرہ ہوا مطلعِ انوار دکھلانے لگے نورِ تجلی درو دیوار
 آسمانے علی سے کہا یہ دوڑ کے اک بار فرزندِ مبارک تمہیں، یا حیدرِ کرار!
 پسند کرو فاطمہ کے ماہِ جبیں پر
 فرزندِ نہیں، چاند یہ اتر ہے زمیں پر

Then suddenly, the chamber was flooded with light,
 Brightened was each object, very like a sprite,
 Rushed Asma to Ali, with tidings of joy,
 I greet you Sir, O Haider ! for a lovely boy,
 For the well-being of Fatima's child, make the best of offering,
 Verily the moon has descended, not a child so darling.

32.

دیکھا نہیں اس طرح کا چہرہ کبھی پیارا نقشہ ہے محمد سے شہنشاہ کا سارا
 ماتھے پہ چمکتا ہے جلالت کا ستارا اللہ نے اس گھر میں عجب چاند اُتارا
 تصویرِ رسولِ عربی دیکھ رہے ہیں
 آنکھوں کی ہے گردش کہ نبی دیکھ رہے ہیں

Never have I seen, a fairer face,
 He is in the image of the Prophet, and ail his grace,
 His forehead is lit, with a majestic light,
 God has sent moon, in the form of a child all bright,
 Is this the personage of the Prophet, that we are beholding,
 Is it an illusion or the visage of the Prophet, that we are beholding?

33.

مژدہ یہ سنا احمدؒ مختار نے جس دم بن شکر کے سجدے کو جھکے قبلہ عالم
 آئے طرفِ خانہ زہراؑ خوش و خرم فرمایا مبارک پسر! بے ثانی مریم!
 چہرہ مجھے دکھلا دو مے نورِ نظر کا
 مگر ہے یہ فرزندِ محمدؐ کے جس کا

To Ahmad, as soon as the happy news, was communicated,
 In gratitude to God, be at once prostrated,
 He hastened to the abode of Zahra, jubilantly happy,
 And spake to her, "Heartiest greetings for the son, O Mary !
 I want to see my darling, the golden beam of my own light,
 He is my son, my being's part, and my heart's delight.

34.

کی عرض یہ آسمانے کہ اے خاصہ دادور! نہلا لوں، تو نے آؤں اے حجرہ سے باہر
ارشاد کیا احمد مختار نے ہنس کر لے آ کر نواسہ ہے مرا طاہر و اطہر
اس چاند کو تاج سہرا فلک کیا ہے
یہ وہ ہے خدائے جسے نورد پاک کیا ہے

Thus, entreated Asma, O God's Messenger !,
May I wash the babe, before taking him out of chamber,
The Prophet laughed, and uttered in haste,
Fetch the child, for he is pure and chaste,
This moon of mine, shall illumine the highest of heaven,
God Himself has sanctified him, so as to enliven.

35.

میں اس سے ہوں اور مجھ سے ہے یہ تو نہیں باہر یہ نور الہی ہے یہ ہے طیب و طاہر
امرار جو مٹتی ہیں وہ اب ہوئیں گے ظاہر یہ آیت ایمان ہے یہ ہے مُجْت باہر
بڑھ کر مددِ سیدِ لولاک کرے گا
کفار کے قلعے کو یہی پاک کرے گا

I am unto him, he is unto me, it's an established fact,
He is verily the Light of God, he is sacred and sacrosanct,
The hidden secrets of Nature, shall now find a trace,
He is the sign of Faith, he is the Divine grace
This child shall help me, in my task, And undo for good, the infidels' mask.

36.

جس دم یہ خبرِ خبرِ صادق نے سُنانی آسمان سے اک پارچہ نرم پہ لائی
بُرائی مٹو تازہ کی محمد نے جو پائی پہننے لگی، سرفخی رُخ پر نور پہ آئی
مُنہ چاند سا دیکھا جو رسولِ عربی نے
لپٹا لیا چھاتی سے نواسے کو نبی نے

The Prophet broke the tidings, at that moment,
Asma brought the child, on a piece of soft parchment,
The sweet odour, of the newly-blossomed flower,
Made the Messenger of God, more joyful and happier,
Then the Prophet glanced, at the babe's lovely face,
And to his bosom, lay his grandson, for an embrace.

37.

جان آگئی، یقوت پہنے، یوسفؑ کو جو پایا قرآن کی طرح دل دوزانو پہ بٹھایا
منہ ملنے لگے منہ سے، بہت پیار جو آیا بوسے لے اور ہاتھوں کو آنکھوں سے لگایا
دل ہل گیا، کی جبکہ نظر سینہ دوسر پر
جو ما جو کلا چل گئی تلوار جگر پر

As after retrieving Joseph, Jacob's heart had surged with glee,
The Prophet, like the Quran on a stand, put the child on his knee,
Then sucking the infant's lips, the Messenger caressed his palms,
He fondled the babe long, indeed imprinting kisses on his arms,
When the babe's chest was sighted, the Prophet felt his body minced,
A kiss on the throat of the child, made Mohammad's heart winced.

38.

جوش آیا تھا رونے کا مگر مقام کے رقت اس کان میں زمانا اذان اُس میں اقامت
حیدر سے یہ فرمایا کسے شاہِ دلایت! کیوں تم نے بھی دیکھی مرے فرزند کی صورت؟
پُر نور ہے گھر، تم کو ملا ہے قمر ایسا
دنیا میں کسی نے نہیں پایا پسر ایسا

He did overcome his grief, although a little he wept,
Then made a prayer-call in the right ear, and then in the left,
Thus, speaking to Haider, the Holy Prophet did a question set,
O Saint of Saints ! haven't you sighted my son as yet ?
With this fount of light, your house is indeed lustre-packed,
Verily, in the whole world, your son is peerless and unmatched.

39.

کیوں کر نہ ہو، تم سا پدر اور فاطمہؑ سی ماں دو شمس و قمر کا ہے یہ اک نیرِ تاباں
کی عرض یہ حیدر نے کسے قبلہ آیاں! حق اس پہ رکھے سایہ پیغمبرِ ذیشان
اعلیٰ ہے وہ سب سے جو مقام شہرِ دیں ہے
بندہ ہوں میں اور یہ بھی غلامِ شہرِ دیں ہے

You being the father, and Fatima the mother, of this merited boon,
Therefore, he is all resplendent, a blend of the sun and the moon,
O Fountain of Faith ! O Lustrous Light Thus Ali replied,
May the babe bloom under your grace, may your life abide,
Exalted is your office, and your rank most important,
Like me, your abject slave, this child is your servant.

40.

عالم میں ہے یہ سب برکت آپ کے دم سے سرسبزی دُنیا ہے اسی ابرِ کرم سے
تاعرش پہنچ جاتا ہے مرُ فیضِ قدم سے عزت ہے غلاموں کی شہنشاہِ اُم سے
کچھ اس میں نہ زہرا کا ہے باعث نہ علی کا
سب ہے یہ بزرگی، کہ فواسخ ہے نبی کا

The worldly blessings do exist, but verily for your lustre,
It's but for your good self, that the land retains its verdure,
The lowly dust beneath your feet, can ascend to the highest heaven.
My whole worth and value is, because of you, the Sovereign,
For nobleness of lineage, matters neither Zahra, nor Ali rather,
His greatness lies in the fact, that you are his grand-father

41.

فرمانے لگے ہنس کے شہرِ یثرب و بطن بھائی! کہو فرزند کا کچھ نام بھی رکھا؟
کی عرض یہ حیدر نے، کہ اے سیدِ والا! سبقت کروں حضرت پہ یہ مقدور ہے میرا؟
نہ مایا کر موقوف ہے یہ رتبہِ علا پر
میں بھی سبقت کر نہیں سکتا ہوں خدا پر

The Prophet then laughed, and a question he posed,
What name for the child, have you proposed ?,
"My liege", said Ali, "How could have I thought,
That I should precede you, it fits me not" ?,
"Postpone it, till a commandment comes", the holy being did say,
"For I too can't surpass Him, nor can deviate His way".

42.

بس اتنے میں نازل ہوئے جبریلِ خوش انجاء کی عرض کہ فرماتا ہے یہ خالقِ علام
پیارا ہے نہایت ہمیں زہرا کا گلِ اندام یا ختمِ رسل! ہم نے حسینؑ اس کا رکھا نام
یہ حسن میں سردارِ حسینانِ زمن ہے
مشتق تو ہے احسان سے تصغیرِ حسن ہے

Then came suddenly Gabriel, the winged arch-angel,
And to the Holy Prophet, he brought the Divine will,
"Dear he is unto Us, Zahra's lovely flower is Our beloved most,
We have named him Husain, O Prophet, the Provost !,
Most elegant is he, the prince of men of handsomeness,
Hasan is its abbreviation, and its origin is from goodness".

43.

’ح‘ سے ہے اشارہ کہ ہے یہ عالمی اُمت سبھیں گے اسی ’س‘ کو سبھیں سعادت
 ’ی‘ اس کی بزرگی میں ہے یلین کی آیت ہے ’ن‘ سے ظاہر کہ یہ ہے نورِ نبوت
 ناجی ہے وہ اس نام کو لے گا جو دہن سے
 یہ حُسن میں دس حصہ زیادہ ہے حُسن سے

The letter H indicates, that he is the saviour of all men,
 S is a symbol that for him, propitiousness will never deaden,
 Y signifies his greatness, like the verse Yasin, and its grandeur,
 And N reflects the Prophet's light, and all his splendour,
 Saved is he who utters his name, with all reverence and humility,
 Ten times greater than Hasan he is, in comeliness and beauty.

44.

دو نور کے دریاؤں کو ہم لے کیا اک جا تب اُس سے ہوا گوہرِ نایاب یہ پیدا
 توقیر میں بے مثل، شجاعت میں ہے یکتا اب اور نہ ہوگا کوئی اس حُسن کا بچا
 ہم جانتے ہیں جو نہیں ظاہر ہے کسی پر
 کام اس سے جو لینا ہے وہ ہے ختم اسی پر

We made the two streams of light, first merged,
 From them the most splendid gem, such as he surged,
 Utmost daring and dashing, unmatched in deference and reverence,
 No other babe shall see the light of day, with so much of excellence,
 Others certainly know not, what verily do We know,
 Unique is the task assigned to him, for none can ever do so.

45.

قیاض نے کونین کی، دولت اسے دی ہے دی ہے جو علی کو، وہ شجاعت اسے دی ہے
 صبر اس کو عنایت کیا، ہمت اسے دی ہے ان سب کے سوا اپنی محبت اسے دی ہے
 اعلیٰ ہے، معظم ہے، مکرم ہے، ولی ہے
 ہادی ہے، وفادار ہے، زاہد ہے، سخی ہے

God, the Bountiful, has endowed him, with a wealth unbounded,
 Gallant like Ali he is, his bravery shall make all astounded,
 In valour and fortitude, he is like the best tempered iron-rod,
 From his heart springs of course, the abiding love for God,
 He is highly exalted and honoured, deeply devout and dutiful,
 Besides being a guide and mentor, he is benign and bountiful.

46.

جب کرچے ذکرِ کرمِ مالکِ تقدیر جبریلؑ نے پاس آن کے دیکھا رخِ شبیرؑ
کی صلیٰ علیٰ ہر کے ، محمدؐ سے یہ تقریر یا شاہ ! یہ مہر تو ہے صاف آپ کی تصویر
جب کی ہے زیارت پے تسلیم جگے ہیں
اس نور کو ہم عرش پہ بھی دیکھ چکے ہیں

When the Vision had conveyed, the gospel of the Providence,
Closer drew Gabriel, for a look of the babe's countenance,
The angel uttered commendatory words, to the Prophet he said,
Your Majesty ! this babe is your replica, from foot to head,
We had bowed down, whenever he gleamed upon our sight,
Even at Empyrean too, we often saw this light.

47.

ہے اس پہ ازل سے نظرِ رحمتِ معبود یہ پیشتر آدم سے بھی تھا روش پہ موجود
ہے ذاتِ محمدؐ صاحبِ فیض و کرمِ وجود تھا خلقِ دو عالم سے یہی مطلب و مقصود
منظوری و غربت ہے عجب نام پہ اس کے
سب روتے ہیں اور روئیں گے انجام پہ اس کے

Lord's favourite he has been, since the dawn of Creation,
Earlier than the mould of Adam, his light existed in Heaven,
God is indeed the Perennial Source, and a Fount of All-Perfection,
For him the two worlds were made, and the Creator had the Creation,
Harrowing are his tales of sufferings, and human hearts they read,
All weep and will continue to weep, over his tragic end.

48.

ہے یہ سببِ تہنیت و تعزیت اس دم ہے شادی و غمِ کشن ایجا دیں تو اہم
لپٹائے ہیں چھاتی سے جسے قبلہ عالم بے جرم و خطا ذبح کریں گے اسے انظم
گر حشر بھی ہوگا تو یہ آفت نہ ٹلے گی
سجدے میں چھری خلقِ مبارک پہ چلے گی

Jubilating and condoling, is his birth,
Intertwined with sorrow, is all mirth,
The child who is lying, into the lap of your grace,
The tyrants shall kill him, for no fault, and shall disgrace,
Most certain is the calamity, even if the Dooms Day occurs,
He will surely be slaughtered, while prostrating in prayers.

49.

ہو گا یہ محرم میں ستم اے شہرِ ذی جاہ ! چھپ جائے گا آنکھوں سے اسی چاندیں یہ ماہ
تاریخِ دہم، جمعہ کے دن عصر کے وقت آہ ! نیرے پہ چڑھائیں گے سرِ پاک کو گمراہ
کٹ جائے گا جب سرتو ستم لاش پہ ہوں گے
گھوڑوں کے قدم سینہ صدپاش پہ ہوں گے

Your Majesty ! daring Muharram shall be done, this brutal act,
When your moon b eclipsed, the world shall get darkened in fact,
In the afternoon of 10th, on Friday, no more shah live your dear,
And the assassins shall raise his head, on a pointed spear,
His body shall be trampled, soon after his head b severed,
Under horses* hooves 'll be his chest, and his body revered.

50.

چلائے محمدؐ کہ میں بسمل ہوا بھائی اے وائے انجی ! کیا یہ خبر مجھ کو سنانی
دل ہل گیا، بر بھی سی کیلجے میں در آئی یہ واقعہ سن کر نہ جئے گی مری جانی
نہیں دنیا میں دوا زخمِ جگر کی
کیوں کر کہوں زہرا سے خبر مرگ و پسر کی

With anguish of pain, the Prophet groaned, "Ah! my life may part,
What a sad news you broke unto me ! it has rent my heart!,
My heart be shaken now, and injured by my feeling,
How sad shall my daughter be, she shall cease her living,
To a bleeding heart, no medication, can however assuage,
How to give the news to Zahra, and make her grief salvage

51.

جس وقت سنی فاطمہؑ نے یہ خبرِ غم شادی میں دلالت کی بپا ہو گیا ماتم
بجلائی تھی سرپیٹ کے وہ ثنائی مریم بیٹی پہ پھری چل گئی یا سیدِ عالم
خنجر کے تلے چاند سی تصویر کی گردن
کٹ جائے گی ہے ہمرے شیر کی گردن

When conveyed was to Fatima, Gabriel's woeful communication,
Joy paled into sorrow, and loomed large lamentation,
Sorrow-stricken and wailing, Mary, the Second, cried,
O Father ! O Sire ! my heart be fully fried,
Ah I my lovely babe, shall be daggered to death,
Ah ! my Shabbir, shall be staggered to death !

52.

ہے ہے، کئی دن تک نہ ملے گا اسے پانی! ہے ہے، یہ سبھی گاتعبِ تشنہ دہانی!
 ہو جائیں گے اک جان کے سب دشمنِ جانی ہے ہے، مرا محبوب، مرا یوسفِ ثانی!
 پیراہنِ صد چاک کفن ہوئے گا اس کا
 سر نیزے پر اور خاک پہ تن ہوئے گا اس کا

Alas ! he will be denied of water for days and days,
 How sad ! the thirst will make, my son ablaze,
 For a famished being, the enemies, in teeming multitude,
 How ill-fated is my darling, Joseph, the Second, in verisimilitude,
 Unshrouded he shall be buried, in clothes extremely tattered,
 His head shall on spear be raised, and body on the ground battered

53.

میر اپنا دکھانے کو، یہ آئے ہیں جہاں میں یوں خلق سے جانے کو، یہ آئے ہیں جہاں میں
 جنگل کے بنانے کو، یہ آئے ہیں جہاں میں اماں کے رُلانے کو، یہ آئے ہیں جہاں میں
 ہم چاند سی صورت پہ نہ شیدا ہوئے ہوتے
 اے کاش! مرے گھر میں نہ پیدا ہوئے ہوتے

He has seen the light of day, only to show his fortitude,
 He has entered the stage of life, only to exit from the world so rude,
 He is born for a tragic death, to inhabitate wild forest,
 His life has bubbled only to burst, making mother's heart molest,
 O Providence ! his lovely face shouldn't have I seen,
 How good indeed it were, if born he hadn't been.

54.

دنیا مجھے اندھیر ہے، اس غم کی خبر سے شعلوں کی طرح آہ نکلتی ہے جگر سے
 دامن پہ ٹپکتا ہے، ہو دیدہ تر سے بس آج سفر کر گئی شادی مرے گھر سے
 جس دنتِ ملک جیتی ہوں، ماتم میں رہوں گی
 مظلوم حسین، آج سے میں ان کو کہوں گی

Is there total darkness all around, or have I lost eyesight ?,
 That pain each moment hurts my heart, and there is no respite,
 Smeared are with tears of pain, the lapels of my garment,
 And from my home has parted for good, blissful joy and merriment,
 Aggrieved and wailing since hence ward, shall I pass ray life all,
 Husain, the oppressed, shall be his name, by which this day I call.

55.

بیٹی کو یہ معلوم نہ تھا یا شبہ عالم؛ بچتے گی زچہ خانہ کے اندر صفِ ماتم
اب دن ہے چھٹی کا مجھے عاشورِ محرم تاکے بھی نہ دیکھتے تھے کہ ٹوٹا فلکِ غم
ہو شاک نہ ہدلوں گی، نہ سردھوؤں گی باہا
چلتے میں بھی چہلم کی طرح روؤں گی باہا

O King of Kings ! your daughter has had, possibly no feeling,
That the maternity-room does give, a look of a condolence meeting,
The sixth day" of the birth has changed, into the mourning day,
My babe's fortune is nipped in the bud, this I am forced to say,
I shall not change my clothes, nor shall I wash father,
In my confinement, like fourtieth-day-mourning, shall I weep father

56.

حیدر ہیں کہاں آکے دلاسا نہیں دیتے زہرا کا بُرا حال ہے سمجھا نہیں دیتے
اس زخم کا مرہم مجھے مبتلا نہیں دیتے ہے مجھے مضر زند کا پُرسا نہیں دیتے
تجڑے میں الگ بیٹے ہیں کیوں چھوڑ کے گھر کو
آواز تو سنتی ہوں کہ روتے ہیں پسر کو

Where has Haider gone, why he consoles me naught ?,
The aching heart of Zahra, with shooting pain is fraught,
No balm for my wound, no cure for pain he has to suggest,
Why has he been mute, condoling words he has not, for my rest,
Why has he torn away from me, why is he in seclusion ?,
Ah ! I hear lamenting him, over the plight of his son.

57.

پھر دیکھ کے مضر زندگی صورت یہ پکاری اے میرے شہید! مے بیگن ترے واری
ہاں! بعد مے ذبح کریں گے تجھے ناری بنتی ہوں ابھی سے میں عزادارِ مہماری
دل اور کسی شغل میں مصروف نہ ہو گا
بس آج سے رونا مرا موت نہ ہو گا

Then, looking at the babe, she said, in a voice faint,
My heart's joy ! my peace of mind ! O Martyr ! O Saint!,
Thou shalt be butchered by the wicked, when I am no more,
In thy memorium, I weep hence ward, as never have I wept before,
No other task, save lamentation, shall be my life's way,
Never shall I cease weeping, whether it be night or day.

58.

مر جائے گا تو تشنہ دہن' ہائے حینا! ہو جائے گا ٹکڑے یہ بدن' ہائے حینا!
اک جان پر یہ رنج و عن' ہائے حینا! کوئی تجھے دے گا نہ کفن ، ہائے حینا!
گاڑیں گے یہ ظالم تہنِ صمدِ پاش کو ہے ہے
رمہاروں سے روندیں گے' ترسی لاش کو ہے ہے

Thirsty shalt thou be killed, what a torment I O Husain !,
This fair frame into pieces shall be rent, O Husain !,
Upon thee, sorrow and suffering shall crowd, O Husain !,
Thy corpse shalt know no shroud, O Husain !,
Ungraved shalt remain, thy body for long,
And it shall also be trampled, what a wrong !

59.

فرمایا محمدؐ نے کوائے فاطمہؑ زہرا! کیا مرضی معبود سے بندے کا ہے چارہ؟
خالق نے دیا ہے اسے وہ مرتبہ اعلیٰ جبریل سوا کوئی نہیں جاننے والا
میں بھی، فدا اس پہ کہ یہ فدیہ رب ہے
یہ لال تر، بخشش امت کا سبب ہے

To Zahra comforted, thus Mohammad, the Apostle,
Subservient is man, to the Divine Will,
The Creator has made him, so high and eminent,
And none knows it but Gabriel, the transcendent,
The noblest sacrifice for God he is, an altar too for my immolation,
Verily is your darling, the path to people's salvation.

60.

اس بات کا غم ہے اگر اے جانِ پیغمبرؐ بے دفن و کفن، رن میں ہے کا ترا دلبر
جب قید سے ہمنے لگا، رہا عابدِ مضطر تربت میں وہی دفن کرے گا، اسے آکر
ارواحِ رسولانِ زمین روئیں گی ان کو
سر پیش کے زینب سی بہن روئیں گی ان کو

Should you be but aggrieved, O soul of the Prophet!,
That your son will remain unshrouded, ungraved and unwept,
When Abid the captive, from prison is freed,
Your son will then, indeed, be buried,
The souls of all the Prophets, will in fact mourn his death,
And Zainab-like sister, will indeed, mourn his death

61.

جب چرخ پہ ہوئے کجا عیاں ماہِ محترم ہر گھر میں بپا ہوئے گی اک مجلس ماتم
آئیں گے ملکِ عرش سے واں رونے کو باہم ماتم یہ وہ ماتم ہے ہر ہوگا نہ کبھی کم
پُر نور سدا اس کا عزا خانہ رہے گا
خورشید جہاں گر دیکھی پھر نہ رہے گا

When Muharram moon is, sighted each year,
In every house, will people gather,
From Heaven, the angels will descend, for mourning,
The chest-beat and lamentation, will be never-ending,
Each mourning-house, will be all resplendent,
Like a hovering moth, the sun will be pendent.

62.

کیا ادج ہے کیا رتبہ ہے اس بزمِ عزا کا فلّ عرش سے ہے فرشتے تک صلی علی کا
مشتاق ہے فردوسِ بریں 'یاں کی نضا کا پانی میں بھی ماں سے ہے مژدہ آبِ بقا کا
دربارِ معلیٰ ہے، ولی ابنِ ولی کا
جاری ہے یہ سب فیضِ حسینِ ابنِ علی کا

How glorious ! how august!, is the assembly of the mourners,
Where charged is the atmosphere, with adoration of adorers,
The Paradise feels envious, of its exhilarating atmosphere,
Doubtlessly, its water tastes the ambrosial water,
It's verily the high court of a Saint, who is all Saintly,
Unto Heaven is pouring, the grace of Husain bin Ali.

63.

اے خضرِ بیابانِ سخن ! راہبری کر اے نیرِ تاماں ! خردِ جلوہ گری کر
اے درد ! عطا لذتِ زخمِ جگر کر اے خوفِ الہی ! مجھے عصیاں سے بری کر
بندوں میں نکھا جاؤں، امامِ ازلی کے
آزاد ہوں صدقے سے حسینِ ابنِ علی کے

O Prophet Khizr I give my poetry, a new power of eloquence,
O splendent sun ! brighten my intellect, with thy radiance,
O chagrin and pain ! give my heart-wound a palatable taste,
O fear of God ! castigate my ills and chasten me chaste,
As a bondsman of my great leader, I should be reckoned eternally,
And be treated, as a free man, by the grace of Husain bin Ali.

64.

فدسی کو نہیں ہار دے در پہ کس کا فردس کو ہے رشک، یہ نگزار ہے کس کا
سب جنس شفاعت ہے، یہ بازار ہے کس کا خود بچتا ہے یوسف، یہ خریدار ہے کس کا
ملتی ہے کہاں مفت، مستاع حسن ایسی
دیگی نہیں انجمن نے، کبھی انجمن ایسی

How exalted is this place, unperceiving are even the pious,
For its sanctifying beauty, the Paradise too feels envious,
What a market-place it is !, where all the goods ensure salvation,
That Joseph is for sale, which buyer buys, for what an estimation ?
Where else are available such goods, and that too free of cost ?
Never did the stars witness, such a galaxy, in the past.

65.

بجس کا زہے نور، خوش محفلِ خالی حیدر کے قہر سے، کوئی جا نہیں خالی
عاشق ہیں سب اس کے جو ہے کونین کا دلی اثنا عشری، پنجتنی، شیعہ خالی
ششدر نہ ہو کیوں چرخ، جب جلوہ گری ہے
یہ یزیم عزاء آج، ستاروں سے بھری ہے

How soul-stirring is congregation, how vivifying the assemblage !,
The lovers of Haider do exist, if it be a palace or cottage,
To the master of the two worlds, the admirers adore day and night,
The lovers are devotees of the Five, of the Twelve, and are Shiite,
The starry sky feels all eclipsed, so luminous is the congregation,
Clustered with stars, is the assembly of mourners, such is fulmination.

66.

ارشادِ نبوی ہے، کہ مددگار ہیں میرے فرماتے ہیں حیدر، کہ یہ غمخوار ہیں میرے
حضرت کا سخن ہے، کہ عزادار ہیں میرے میں ان کا ہوں طالب، یہ طلبگار ہیں میرے
یہ آج اگر روکے ہمیں یاد کریں گے
ہم قبر میں ان لوگوں کی، امداد کریں گے

The Holy Prophet has pronounced, the adorers are his helpers,
And Haider has similarly said, that they are his supporters,
So has asserted the blessed soul, that they and his chief mourners,
I shower my love on them, and they too are my lovers,
If they be but aggrieved this day, and their tears are shed,
We shall rescue them in their graves, when they're lying dead.

67.

غم میں مرے بچوں کے، یہ سب کرتے ہیں فریاد اللہ سلامت رکھے، ان لوگوں کی اولاد
 بستی مرے شیعوں کی رہے، غلق میں آباد یہ حشر کے دن آتش دوزخ سے ہوں آزاد
 مرتا ہے کوئی گڑ تو بکا کرتا ہوں میں بھی
 اُس کے لئے بخشش کی دُعا کرتا ہوں میں بھی

Bewail they for my kith and kin, for tales of barrowing sufferings,
 May God bless them longer lives, may prosper their offsprings,
 May these lovers too flourish for ever, and they be always well,
 And, on the Day of Judgement, they stay out of Hell,
 I weep him too, when dead is my lover, and my faithful,
 And for his blissful salvation, I beseech the Almighty, the Merciful.

68.

مردم کے لئے واجب یعنی ہے یہ زاری رونا ہی وسیلہ ہے شفاعت کا ہماری
 ہے وقت معین پہ ادا طاعت باری یہ خیر ہے وہ خیر جو ہر وقت ہے جاری
 رونا کہ یہ وقت اور یہ فرصت نہ ملے گی
 جب آنکھ ہوئی بند تو مہلت نہ ملے گی

Weeping is but natural, an act which is a compulsion,
 Weeping is a means, for our Doms Day intercession,
 The duties one owes to God, are very many and several,
 Like prayer, it's of infinite good, a good which is all eternal,
 So weep, O mourner ! weep, for time and tide are fleeting,
 Nothing shall do you good, when the pulse has lost its beating.

69.

مہلت جو اجل دے تو غنیمت اسے جانو آمادہ ہو رونے پہ سعادت اسے جانو
 آنسو نکل آئیں، تو عبادت اسے جانو ایذا ہو جو محفل میں تو راحت اسے جانو
 فاتے کئے ہیں دھوپ میں لب تشہ ہے ہیں
 آقا نے تمہارے لئے کیا ظلم سہے ہیں

Should Death grant you, intermission in fact,
 Weep on, weep on, it's a noble act,
 And tears are nothing short of prayer,
 Treat pains of assembly, as a source of pleasure,
 As Husain has suffered, the worst of thirst and starvation,
 It's but for you, that the liege has faced, the worst of privation.

70.

دنیا بھی عجب گھر ہے کہ راحت نہیں جیں وہ گل ہے یہ گل بوئے محبت نہیں جس میں
وہ دوست ہے یہ دوست مروت نہیں جیں وہ شہد ہے یہ شہدِ ہلاوت نہیں جس میں
بے درد و المِ شامِ غریباں نہیں گزری
دنیا میں کسی کی، کبھی یحساں نہیں گزری

This abode, called world, is all strange, where comfort is all denied,
It is indeed like that flower, whose fragrance is all belied,
Or it is like that selfish friend, devoid of all friendliness,
Or like that honey, which looks honey, but lacks its real sweetness,
No poor man has passed his evening, but with the pain of suffering,
Things never remain as they are, and life is ever-changing.

71.

گودی ہے کبھی ماں کی کبھی قبر کی آغوش گل پرین اکثر نظر آتے ہیں کفن پوش
مرگرم سخن ہے کبھی انسان کبھی خاموش گہ تخت ہے، اور گاہ جنازہ بسرِ دوش
اک طور پہ دیکھا نہ جواں کو نہ مُسن کو
شب کو تو چہرہ کھٹیں ہیں تابوت میں دن کو

Now is one into mother's lap, now in the bed of grave,
Shrouded into sheet are often sighted, the healthy and the brave,
One gets all mute at a time, he is then a chatter-box,
On pyre is a throne-sitter, and he is but a corpse,
A child is the father of man, and change is the law of Nature,
The strutter and drum-beater, is often taken, on a stretcher.

72.

شادی ہو کہ اندوہ ہو، آرام ہو یا جور دُنیا میں گزر جاتی ہے، انسان کی ہر طور
ما تم کی کبھی فصل ہے، عشرت کا کبھی دور ہے شادی و ماتم کا مرقع جو کروغور
کس بلخ پہ آسیبِ خزاں، نہیں جاتا
گل کون سا کھلتا ہے، جو مڑ جھا نہیں جاتا

Whether it be joy or sorrow, comfort or discomfort,
Life tastes like a cup of hemlock, or a dish of dessert,
At time, life tends to be tragic; at time, it's but comical,
As a blend of the two streams, it's however a sum total,
Isn't there an orchard, unvisited by an autumn
Which flower remains unfaded, that has had its blossom ?

73.

ہے عالم فانی کی عجب صبح، عجب شام کہ غم، کبھی شادی، کبھی ایذا کبھی آرام
نازدوں سے پلا، فاطمہؑ زہراؑ کا گھل اندام و احسرت و درد! کہ وہ آغاز یہ انجام!
راحت نہ ملی، گھر کے تلاطم سے دہم نکٹ
مظلوم نے فاقے کئے، ہفتم سے دہم نکٹ

Queer is the ebb and flow, of this mortal world,
Heard melodies are often sweet, sweeter are unheard,
He was surely Fatima's darling, who had chaste upbringing,
How tragic was his end of life, which had a grand beginning,
Till 10th Muharram, comfortless he was, facing all tribulation,
From 7th to 10th, the oppressed suffered, the agony of starvation.

74.

ریتی پہ عزیزوں کا مرقع تو ہے ابتر شہ کل ہے یہ نقشہ کہیں تصویر سے شند
فرزند نہ مسلم کے، نہ ہمیشہ کے دلبر قاسمؑ ہیں، نہ عباسؑ، نہ اکبرؑ ہیں، نہ ہضرؑ
سب نذر کو دربارِ پیہر میں گئے ہیں
رخصت کو اکیلے شہر دیں گھر میں گئے ہیں

To the vile dust, his dear ones were all reduced,
And the Sovereign appeared lifeless and defused,
Gone were the sons of Muslim, and also the sons of his sister,
Neither Qasim was alive, nor were Abbas, Akbar and Asghar,
All were lost in the way of God, reaching the Prophet's embrace,
For farewell to his house-folks, the Sovereign all alone did pace.

75.

منظور ہے پھر دیکھ لیں، ہمیشہ کی صورت پھر لے گئی ہے گھر میں سکینہؑ کی محبت
سجادؑ سے کچھ کہتے ہیں، اسرارِ امامت بانوئے دو عالم سے کبھی ہے آخری رخصت
مطلوب یہ ہے، زیب بدن رخت کہن ہو
تا بعدِ شہادت، وہی ملبوس کفن ہو

He wished to see once more his sister,
Drove him to tent the love of Sakina, his darling daughter,
To Sajjad, his son, he had to transmit the Imamate's knowledge,
And to his wife, Bano," he had to pay last homage,
The tattered clothes he wore, because he had the forebodings,
Lest he be stripped of raiments, his body subjected to goadings.

76.

خیمہ میں مسافر کا، وہ آنا تھا قیامت اک ایک کو بھائی سے لگنا تھا قیامت
آنا تو غنیمت تھا، پہ جانا تھا قیامت تھوڑا سا وہ رخصت کا زمانہ تھا قیامت
داں بین، دھرمبر و شکیبائی کی باتیں
انسانہ ماتم سہیں، بہن بھائی کی باتیں

Hard indeed, very hard, was his arrival in the tent,
Painful it was to embrace each one, and he felt his heart rent,
Not easy was the entry to the tent, but more difficult was the exit,
His stay was for a short span, but he was indeed sorrow-knit,
The sister wept bitterly, the brother talked of fortitude,
Heart-rending was the exchange of words, but common was rectitude.

77.

حضرت کا وہ کہنا کہ بہن صبر کرو صبر اُمت کے لئے والدہ صاحبہ نے سہہ جبر
وہ کہتی تھیں کیوں کرنے میں روؤں صفت ابر تم پہنوکفن اور نہ بنے ہائے مری قبر
لگتے ہوئے اماں کا گھرانہ آنکھوں سے دیکھوں
ہے ہے تہ خیر تمہیں کن آنکھوں سے دیکھوں

The Blessed Soul thus said, "Endure, sister !, endure,
Our mother suffered, for the good of men, it's the only cure,
She replied can't help shedding tears, on this cruel suffering,
Since you are to be slaughtered, brother I how can I keep living ?
No strength have I so to watch, my mother's house to be looted,
Alas ! I can't see you butchered, and this house uprooted."

78.

اس عمر میں تھوڑے عرصہ کا نکاح اٹھائے ! اشک آنکھوں سے اماں کے جنازے پہ بہائے
آنسو نہ تھے تھے کہ پدرخوں میں نہ لائے ٹیڑھے دل شہر کے لنگن میں نظر آئے
حضرت کے سوا اس کوئی سر پہ نہیں بھائی !
انساں ہوں کلیجہ مرا پتھر نہیں بھائی !

My whole life has been sorrow-assailed,
When mother died, I wailed and wailed,
Hardly had my pain subsided, when my father's blood was shed,
But when brother Hasan was poisoned, my heart became all red,
Except you 'My liege ! my brother !', none else is my protector,
I am after all a human being, joy and sorrow do matter.

79.

ہر شخص کو ہے یوں تو سفرِ خلق سے کرنا دشوار ہے اک آن، مسافر کا ٹہرنا
 ان آنکھوں سے دیکھا ہے بزرگوں کا گزرنا ہے سب سے سوا ہائے، یہ مظلومی کا مرنا
 مدتے گئی، یوں رن کبھی پڑتے نہیں دیکھا
 اک دن میں بھرے گھر کو اُپر تے نہیں دیکھا

Each living soul, has but to depart
 On the stage of life, no actor can play longer than his part,
 These very eyes have seen the dear ones dying,
 But your death, O brother ! is most mortifying,
 Never did I behold a battle, so thick and so grim,
 Never was a house devastated, to such a complete brim.

80.

ہے ہے تمہیں میں نے کہاں چھپے ہوں بھائی - کُنتی ہے، مرے چار بزرگوں کی کسائی
 کس دشتِ بڑا شوبہیں قیمت مجھے لائی یارب ! کہیں مرجائے ید اللہ کی جانی
 زہرا کا پسِ وقتِ جُدائی مجھے روئے
 سب کو تو میں روتی ہوں، یہ بھائی مجھے روئے

Alas ! where and how, should I hide you brother ?,
 Of the four revered souls, despoiled is the treasure,
 To what a wilderness, has my fate taken me,
 O Death ! draw near, come close to the daughter of Ali,
 The son of Zahra weeps for me, over our separation,
 I have lamented for others, but he bewails my desperation.

81.

زینب کی وہ زاری، وہ سکیئہ کا بلکنا وہ تنہی سی چھاتی میں، کیجے کا دھڑکنا
 وہ چاند سامنے، اور وہ بندے کا چمکنا حضرت کا وہ بیٹی کی طرف، یاس سے تکنا
 حسرت سے یہ ظاہر تھا کہ معذور ہیں لمبائی
 لگتا تھا کہ ہوں سے کہ مجبور ہیں بی بی

The wailings of Zainab, the agonies of Sakina, were heart-rending,
 In her tiny bosom, the heart throbbed with pain and suffering,
 Very like the moon her face glittered, her ear-rings sparkled gentle,
 The Sire gazed with a forlorn look, at his daughter's mantle,
 His grief betokened, the monarch was helpless,
 His sad looks reflected, that the father was helpless.

82.

وہ کہتی تھی، بابا ہیں چھاتی سے لگاؤ فرماتے تھے شبہ آؤ نہ، جہان پدر، آؤ
ہم کرکھتے ہیں، لو آنکھوں سے آنسو نہ بہاؤ خوشبو تو ذرا کیسے مشکیں کی سٹکھاؤ
کوثر پہ بھی تم بن نہیں، آرام چچا کو
ہم جلتے ہیں، کچھ دیتی ہو پیغام چچا کو؟

With tears, she painfully groaned, "Embrace me, O father
Replied the king piteously, "Come, O soul of your father !,
Weep not, O darling ! for your tears make worse our despair,
We wish to smell the rich and sweet odour of your hair,
Your uncle is at Kausar, but for you, he is restive,
We are to see him shortly, have you any message to give ?

83.

بی بی ! کہو کیا حال ہے اب ماں کا تمہاری؟ کس گوشے میں بیٹی ہیں کہاں کرتی ہیں زاری؟
جب سے سوئے جنت گئی، اکبر کی سواری دیکھا نہ انہیں گھریں، ہم آئے کئی باری
تھی سب کی محبت انہیں پیٹے ہی کے دم تک؟
کیا آخری رخصت کو بھی آئیں گی نہ ہم تک

Tell me O darling ! at the moment, how is your mother ?,
Whither is she sitting, wailing in which corner ?,
To Heaven, ever since Akbar has been,
Many times have we come, but she isn't seen,
Did she love us all, so long Akbar had been living ?,
Doesn't she like to turn up, even for the last meeting ?

84.

غش میں جو سنی، بالوائے مضطرب یہ تقریر ثابت ہوا مرنے کو چلے حضرت شیر
سرنیکے اٹھی، چھوڑ کے گہوارہ بے شیر چلائی مجھے ہوش نہ تھا، یا شبہ دیگر!
جاں تن سے کوئی آن میں، اب جاتی ہے آقا!
یہ خادمہ تجھ سے لئے، آئی ہے آقا!

When Bano, the forlorn lady, heard him say,
She felt assured that the King was on his way,
Leaving the infant's cradle, bare-headed she ran,
"O King !" she cried, "faintness made my sense san,
My liege ! death hovers round me, and soon I am to fade,
My lord ! for the farewell has come now, your maid.

85.

یہ سن کے بڑھے چند قدم شاہِ خوش اقبال قدموں پہ گرمی دوڑے ہوہ کھولے ہوئے بال
تھا قبلہ عالم کا بھی، اُس وقت عجب حال روتے تھے مگر آنکھوں پر کچھ ہوئے رُومال
فرماتے تھے جانکاہِ جدائی کا الم ہے
اٹھو! تہیں رُوحِ علی اکبر کی قسم ہے!

These words having heard, a few steps advanced the august King,
Striding her paces, the lady knelt, with her hair but dangling,
Broken-hearted and grief-stricken, was the Saintly Saint,
Tears streamed from his eyes, making handkerchief all taint,
In a choked voice, he said, "The shock of separation is greater,
Rise ! O great lady ! rise ! we asseverate you of Akber."

86.

وہ کہتی تھی، کیوں کریں اٹھوں، اے مرے تراج والی ! ان ہی قدموں کی بدولت ہے مر راج
سر پہ جو نہ ہوگا، پس صاحبِ محراب چادر کے لئے غلق میں، ہو جاؤں گی محتاج
چھوٹے جو قدم، مرتبہ گھٹ جائے گا میرا
قربان گئی، تخت اُلٹ جائے گا میرا

My lord ! My crown! she said, how to get away and rise,
In these very feet, my master ! my real authority lies,
God forbid, were not the son of the Prophet living,
I should be but a non-entity, I should be reduced to nothing,
If gone away from the sacrosanct feet, much lower shall I be,
Woe fall unto me, if you are lost, how sadder shall I be.

87.

یاں آئی میں، جب خانہ کسریٰ ہوا، بریاد وہ پہلی اسیری کی، ازیت ہے مجھے یاد
کی عقدہ کشائے دو جہاں نے، امری امداد حضرت کے تصدق میں ہوئی قید سے آزاد
لوٹنے سے بہو ہوئی، زہراؑ و علیؑ کی
قسمت نے بٹھایا مجھے، مسند پہ نبیؐ کی

To this house I came, when ransacked was my castle,
Afresh is my memory of the first captivity, which made me throttle,
Then Ali, the Saviour helped me, the Persian,
And by your grace, from a slave, I rose to a free woman,
As the daughter-in-law of Ali and Fatima, I was thus elevated,
To the progeny of the Holy Prophet, my good luck then me related

88.

پچیس برس تک، نہ چھٹا آپ کا پہلو اب ہجر ہے تقدیر میں، یا سیدِ خوشِ نحو
 ہر شب ہے تکیہ سیر اقدس کا جو بازو ہے ہے، انہیں اب رسی سے باندھیں گے خفا جو
 سر پر نہ ردا ہوگی تو مر جاؤں صاحب!
 چھپنے کو میں جنگل میں، کدھر جاؤں گی صاحب!

For a span of twenty six years, I have been your consort,
 But now O Sovereign ! separation appears to be my lot,
 Like pillows were my arms, so as comfort to you provide,
 With shackles, alas ! the same arms are to be tied,
 With uncovered head, shall I be abashed to death, my liege,
 Where to hide in the wild, I feel out of breath, my liege.

89.

حضرت نے کہا: کس کا سدا ساتھ رہا ہے ہر عاشق و معشوق نے یہ داغ سہا ہے
 دارِ محن اس دار کو داد دے کہہا ہے ہر چشم سے خونِ جگر اس غم میں بہا ہے
 قُربت میں عجب حال تھا افاق کے ولی کا
 ساتھ آٹھ برس تک رہا ہر اعلیٰ کا

The Blessed Soul said, None in this mortal world has long lingered,
 Strange indeed, but the lover and beloved have, always felt smothered,
 God Himself has defined this world, as a test-centre, full of woes,
 Each human eye has wept in grief, each mortal man has tasted throes,
 Separation caused a cleavage, the Lieutenant of God was put asunder,
 It was only for eight years, that Zahra and Ali could live together."

90.

سو سو برس اک گھر میں، محبت کر رہے جو بھر موت نے دم بھر میں کھدا کر دیا ان کو
 کچھ مرگ سے چارہ نہیں، اے بانوئے خوشخو! ہے شاق فلک پر کہ رہی ایک جگہ دو
 کس کس پہ زمانے نے جفا کی نہیں صاحب!
 اچھوٹوں سے کبھی اس نے دفا کی نہیں صاحب!

Those who lived for scores of years, loving utmost each other,
 Death tore away in a flick of moment, drawing them all asunder,
 O faithful lady ! Death is a must, and except God, etunal is who ?,
 To heaven probably suits not, the union of the two,
 None feels secure, not even un-hurt, by the sting of Time,
 The good ones are never treated, better than slime.

91.

لازم ہے خدا سے، طلبِ نصیر بشر کو تھائے گاتا ہی میں، وہی راند کے گھر کو
آتا ہے تمہیں بھی وہیں، جاتے ہیں جدھر کو وارث کی جدائی میں، ٹپکتے نہیں سر کو
کھوئے گا وہ رتی سے بندھے ہاتھ تمہارے
ستار سا بیٹا ہے، جواں ساتھ تمہارے

Incumbent it is upon a being, to pray God for His grace,
He is the Provider of the widows, with the needed solace,
You'll follow the same path, which we are going to tread,
Overcome the shock of cruel parting, cast aside dread,
The Protector 'll release your arms, of the universe who is the Lord,
You have Sajjad-like son, he is sure to be your guard.

92.

زینب کو تو دیکھو کہ ہیں کس دکھ میں گرفتار ایسا کوئی اس گھر میں نہیں ہے دنا چار
تنہا ہیں کہ بے جاں ہوئے، دو چاند سے دلدار دنیا سے گیا اکبر، ناشادسا غم خوار
بیٹے بھی نہیں، گود کا پالا بھی نہیں ہے
اُن کا تو کوئی پوچھنے والا بھی نہیں ہے

How aggrieved is Zainab !, look at her pitiable plight,
None in this house is so miserable, she is without ray of light,
Massacred are both of her sons, her life-long treasure,
A jolting blow to her has been, the death of youthful Akbar,
Gone is the lad she looked after, her own sons, no more exist,
Who is going to care for her, if days of her life persist ?

93.

یہ کہہ گئے، کچھ ارشاد کیا گوشِ پسر میں بیمار کے رونے سے قیامت ہوئی گھر میں
اندھیر زمانہ ہوا، بانو کی نظر میں عشق ہو گئی زینب، وہ اٹھا دردِ جگر میں
ٹھہرا دیا پھر، شہِ والا محل آئے
تنہا گئے، روتے ہوئے، تنہا محل آئے

Then, into the ear of his son, the Leader whispered something,
No sooner did the son give his ear, than he started weeping,
And to Bano, the whole world appeared dismal and dreary,
In utter grief, fainted Zainab, life to her tended all weary,
As difficult was the stay, the King came out,
Alone he entered weepingly, alone he came out.

94.

کچھ بڑھکے پھرے، جانبِ قبلہ ہر پہ پر کج کی طرتِ دوشِ میں، گردنِ انور
تھرتے ہوئے ہاتھوں پہ، ہاتھ کور کھ کر کی حق سے مناجات، سرے خالقِ اکبر!
حرمتِ ترے محبوب کی دنیا میں بڑی ہے
کردم بھال اُن کی تباہی میں بڑی ہے

He turned towards the Ka'ba, a few paces he had retreated,
To the right shoulder he tilted his neck, and felt a bit excited,
Then placing his turban on shivering hands, he said with a quiver,
O God ! O Creator ! O Sustainer ! O Nourisher !, O Almighty ! after Thee,
Thy Prophet is but great,
Pity his progeny, O Protector ! they are in abject state.

95.

یارب ! ہے یہ سادات کا گھر تیرے حوالے رانڈیں ہیں مٹی خستہ جگر تیرے حوالے
بیکس کا ہے بیمار پسو تیرے حوالے سب ہیں ترے دریلے گھر تیرے حوالے
عالم ہے کہ عزت میں، گرفتارِ بلا ہوں
میں تیری حمایت پہ، انھیں چھوڑ چلا ہوں

O God ! of the Prophet's house Thou art the only Care-taker,
O Power of Powers ! of these widows, Thou art the only Protector,
O Life-Giver ! of my ailing son, Thou art the only Curer, O Custodian ! of all my gems,
Thou art the only Preserver, Thou knowest that in an alien land, I am beset by misery,
Thy grace I have always sought for, I leave them unto Thee

96.

میرے نہیں، بندے ہیں ترے، اے مرے خالق: بستی ہو کہ جنگل، تو ہی حافظ، تو ہی رازق
باندھے ہیں مظلوم و تعدی پہ مُنافق نہ دوست ہے دنیا، نہ زمانہ ہے موافق
حرمت ہے ترے ہاتھ، اسامِ ازلی کی
دو بیٹیاں، دو بہویاں ہیں اس گھر میں علی کی

"Not mine but Thine are these slaves, O Most Merciful Creator,
Whether it is heath or home, Thou art the Saviour and Sustainer,
The faithless are bent upon, pouring tyranny and curse,
The world is shorn of love, and time has changed for worse,
O Lord ! the esteem which I command, owes but to Thee,
This house has two daughters and two daughters-in-law of Ali.

97.

میں یہ نہیں کہتا کہ اذیت نہ اٹھائیں یا اہل ستم، آگ سے نیچے نہ جلائیں
 ناموس لگیں، قید ہوں اور شام میں جائیں مہلت مرے لاشے پہ بھی رونے کی نہ پائیں
 بیڑی میں قدم، طوق میں عابد کا سگلا ہو
 جس میں ترے محبوب کی اُمت کا سگلا ہو

I say not that they remain unmolested,
 And the tyrants leave my tents unignited,
 My females be looted, caged, and taken to Syria as prisoners,
 And they be not allowed to cry, even as mourners,
 My Abid be shackled, fettered and necked with an iron-collar,
 Provided it helps Thy Prophet's people to prosper.

98.

یہ کہہ کے، گریبانِ مبارک کو کیا چاکٹ اور ڈال لی پیرا ہن پر نور پہ کچھ خاکٹ
 میت ہوئے شبیر، کفن بن گئی پوشاکٹ بس فاتحہ خیر پڑھا، بادلِ عنف کٹ
 مڑ کر نہ کسی دوست، نہ غمخوار کو دیکھا
 پاس آئے تو روتے ہوئے کر ہوا کر دیکھا

Having said so, he undid the opening of his garment,
 And afterwards, he dusted his sacred raiment,
 Shabbir transformed into a corpse, his covering into shroud,
 With aching heart, he read exordium aloud,
 When he turned his face, no lover was the e indeed,
 Having come nigh, he saw weeping his own steed.

99.

تنہائی میں، اک ایک کو حضرت نے پکارا کون آئے، کو فردوس میں تھا قافلہ سارا
 گھوڑے پہ چڑھا خود اسد اللہ کا پیارا اونچا ہوا، افلاکِ امامت کا ستارا
 شوقی سے فرس پاؤں نہ رکھتا زمیں پر
 فل تھاکہ چلا قطبِ زماں عرشِ بریں پر

In loneliness, the Blessed Being, called all his men one after one,
 But none of them responded, as to Heaven they had run,
 All alone mounted up the horse, the darling of Ali,
 Higher ascended the crest of Imamate, shining more brilliantly,
 With pride sped the galloping charger, but pacing off the ground,
 The Pole Star to Heaven shot up', was the clamour all round.

100.

مشہد یز نے چھل بل میں عجب ناز دکھایا ہر گام پہ طادس کا انداز دکھایا
زیور نے عجب، حسنِ خدا ساز دکھایا فتراک نے، ادج پر پرواز دکھایا
ستھا خاک پہ اک پاؤں تو اک چرخ بریں پر
غل ستھا کہ پھر اتر ہے براق، آج زمیں پر

Graceful was the gallop of the charger, gaining fall speed,
At each step, as a spirited peacock, had indeed danced the steed,
The ornaments embellished him, the accessories and the bridle,
He flew into air at the slightest spur, with stirrups of the saddle,
To the sky the charger had flown, like the speed of a rocket,
There was an outcry, 'reappeared had the steed of the Prophet'.

101.

اعلا کی زبانوں پہ، یہ حیرت کی تھی تقریر حضرت یہ رجز پڑھتے تھے تو بے ہوئے شمشیر
دیکھو نہ مٹاؤ مجھے اے فسق و فساد پر میں یوسف کنعان رسالت کی ہوں تصویر
واللہ تعالیٰ نہیں، یہ کلمہ حق ہے
عالم کے مرقع میں حسین، ایک ورق ہے

Stricken with awe, the words of praise, the enemy soldiers poured,
War-poem recited the gallant warrior, bolding a naked sword,
He said to them, "O misguided miscreants I shed not blood of mine,
I am verily the image of Joseph, the Prophet of Palestine,
Egotism it is verily not, by God, a fact no mean,
In the delightful panorama of Nature, Husain is a charming scene.

102.

واللہ جہاں میں ہمارا ہمسر نہیں کوئی محتاج ہوں، پر مجھ سا تو نگر نہیں کوئی
ہاں میرے سوا مضافِ محشر نہیں کوئی یوں سب ہیں مگر سبطِ پیامبر نہیں کوئی
باطل ہے اگر دعویٰ اعجاز کرے گا
کس بات پہ دنیا میں کوئی ناز کرے گا

By God, in the entire universe, no man is of my nobleness,
Though poor I am at present, unrivalled in large-heartedness,
Yes, none except me, on the Dooms Day, is to be the Intercessor,
Many men exist, but who else, is the Holy Prophet's successor,
If there be such a claimant, he is indeed insane,
This world is nothing but sordid, and pride brings no gain.

103.

ہم وہ ہیں، کہ اللہ نے کوثر ہمیں بخشا سرداری ضرور دوس کا افسر ہمیں بخشا
اقبال علیٰ، خلقِ پیغمبر، ہمیں بخشا قدرت ہمیں دی، زور ہمیں، زر ہمیں بخشا
ہم نور ہیں، گھر طور تجلی ہے ہمارا
تخت بن داؤد، مصلیٰ ہے ہمارا

I am the person whom God has blessed, with the gift of Kausar,
I am the celestial being, of Paradise I am the leader,
God graced me with Ali's fortune, the Holy Prophet's civility,
Power and pelf are my possession, and every other authority,
I am all light, Mount Toor is my dwelling-place,
My prayer-sheet is the throne of Solomon, the prophet of good race.

104.

نانا وہ، کہ ہیں جن کے قدم عرش کے مرتاج توسیٰ مکان، ختمِ رسل، صاحبِ معراج
ماں ایسی، کہ سب جن کی شفاعت کے ہی ممکن باپ ایسا، صنم خانوں کو جس نے کیا تاراج
رٹنے کو اگر حیدر صغدر نہ نکلتے
بت گھر سے خدائے کبھی باہر نہ نکلتے

My grand-father is he, whose feet are Heaven's coronet,
Most approximate to the Master, most ascendant, the last Prophet,
On my mother's approbation, the intercession is sure to last,
Breaker of idols my father was, indeed a great iconoclast,
Hadn't Haider fought well, in the way of God,
The idols would have never been out, of the House of God.

105.

کس جنگ میں ایسے کو سپر کر کے نہ آئے کس مرحلہ صعب کو ہر کر کے نہ آئے
کس فوج کی صفِ زیرِ دوز پر کر کے نہ آئے تھی کون سی شب، جس کو سحر کر کے نہ آئے
تھا کون، جو ایساں تہہِ صمصام نہ لایا
اس شخص کا سر لائے جو اسلام نہ لایا

With the best of his bravery, he did fight each battle,
Each uphill task he accomplished, with utmost of his skill,
He dealt a crushing blow to the foe, each rival he smashed,
In dreadful, drab and dismal night, the torch of light be flashed,
Was there any such who professed faith, but for the fear of his sword,
The hapless one who lagged behind, he cut his head like a gourd.

106.

اصنام بھی کچھ کم تھے، نہ کفار تھے نہ قورٹے طاقت تھی، کوئی کوئی لات سے توڑے؛
 بدکیشوں نے سجدے بھی کئے، ہاتھ بھی جوڑے بے توڑے، وہ بیتِ حیدرِ صفدر نے یہ چھوڑے
 کچھ کو صفا کر دیا، خالق کے کرم سے
 نکلے اسد اللہ، اذان دے کے حرم سے

Fewer were not the idols, reprobates were all around,
 Who had the power to kick Azza out, who shattered it to ground,
 The infidels folded their hands, and knelt down the ignominious,
 But spared them not unbroken, Haider, the Magnanimous,
 By the grace of God Almighty, he cleared the House of God,
 And after making a prayer-call, came out the Lion of God.

107.

اس عہد میں مالک، اسی تلوار کے ہم ہیں جہاد پسر، حیدرِ سرتار کے، ہم ہیں
 فرزند، محمد سے جہاں دار کے، ہم ہیں وارث، شہرِ بولاک کی سرکار کے ہم ہیں
 کچھ غیر کفن، ساتھ نہیں لے گئے ہیں
 تابوتِ مسکینہ بھی، ہمیں دے گئے ہیں

I am the owner of that sword, I am presently its real possessor,
 I am the son of Haider, of the world's greatest warrior,
 I am the descendant of the Prophet, the leader of mankind,
 I am the heir to the Holy Being, for whom the world was designed,
 Dead are all great and mighty, gone are they with shrouds alone,
 I am the regent of all of them, and their relics I own

108.

یہ منرق پہ، عمامہ سردارِ زمن ہے یہ تیغِ علیؑ ہے، یہ کمر بندِ حق ہے
 یہ جوشنِ داؤد ہے، جو عانظِ تن ہے یہ پیرہنِ یوسفؑ کنعانِ محن ہے
 دکھلائیں سندِ دستِ رسولِ عربیؐ کی
 یہ مہرِ سلیمانؑ ہے، یہ خاتم ہے نبیؐ کی

This tiara on my head, belongs to the Messenger, the Grand,
 This is the sword of Ali, this is Hasan's waistband,
 This is the garment of David, a rare protective weapon,
 This is the garment of Joseph, the unhappy Jacob's son,
 The testimony of the Holy Prophet, should you wish, I reveal,
 This is the ring of the last Prophet, this is Solomon's seal.

109.

دیکھو تو، یہ ہے کون سے جہاد کی تلوار کس شیر کے قبضے میں ہے، کرار کی تلوار
دریائے بھی دیکھی نہیں، اس دھار کی تلوار بجلی کی تو بجلی ہے، یہ تلوار کی تلوار
قہر و غضب اللہ کا ہے، کاٹ نہیں ہے
کہتے ہیں اسے موت کا گھر، گھاٹ نہیں ہے

Look at this sword, it belongs to which great and gallant warrior,
Fearless is its possessor, it is the sword of which valiant attacker,
Poorer is the flow of a river, than the sharpness of the sword,
It's indeed a flash of lightning, and also a sword,
It's not merely a sword-bite, but the Divine rage,
It is not a river-bank, but it's called death-cage.

110.

دم لے کہیں رک کر، وہ روانی نہیں ہمیں چلنے میں سبک تر ہے، گرانی نہیں اس میں
جڑ حرّتِ ظفر اور نشانی نہیں اس میں جل جاؤ گے سب آگ ہے، پانی نہیں اس میں
چھوڑے گی نہ زندہ اسے جو دشمن دیں ہے
ناہیں نہیں غصے سے جل چیں چہیں ہے

That is may halt for a while, so swift is n't its action,
Much lighter it's in movement, not heavy in its motion,
It's the sign of sure success, the victory of the victor,
You'll get all burnt as fire it is, and has n't a drop of water,
No accursed creature shall be left, each one lacking uprightness,
Here is Death defying with rage, and has no shred of blindness.

111.

سب قطرے ہیں، گریض کے دریا ہیں تو ہم ہیں ہر نقطہ قرآن کے شناسا ہیں تو ہم ہیں
حق جن کا ہے جامع کوہِ ذخیرہ ہیں تو ہم ہیں افضل ہیں تو ہم، عالم و دانا ہیں تو ہم ہیں
تعلیم ملکِ عرش پر تھا، ورد ہمارا
جبریلؑ سا استاد ہے، شاگرد ہمارا

Others are just little drops, we are but the ocean of grace,
We are the knowers of the Book, none is so in any case,
We are the echo of Goodness and Truth, of Justice and Fair-play,
Better than other beings verily we are, and prudence is our way,
The angels kept repeating our names, it is a fact so simple,
And Gabriel-like teacher has been, surely our disciple.

112.

گر فیضِ ظہورِ شہرِ لولاک نہ ہوتا بالائے زمیں انگنبدِ افلاک نہ ہوتا
کچھ خاک کے طبقے میں، بجوئے خاک نہ ہوتا ہم پاک نہ کرتے، تو جہاں پاک نہ ہوتا
یہ شور ازاں کا، ہمسرو شام کہاں تھا
ہم عرش پہ تھے جب، تو یہ اسلام کہاں تھا

Hadn't God wished, the Prophet's gracious manifestation,
No canopy over earth had been, in the scheme of Creation,
And the earthy earth, should have been but sheer dust,
Hadn't we chastened, this world would have been all but lust,
Of prayer-call each morn and evening, when was heard such a sound,
During our stay in Heaven, did the world with Islam ever resound?

113.

مُحْسِن سے بدی ہے، یہی احسان کا عوضِ واہ! دشمن کے مہمان خواہ ہوئے، دوست کے پند خواہ
گمراہ کے بہکائے، روکو نہ مری راہ تو اب بھی مسافر کو نکل جانے دو، لُٹیر
میل چلے گی اک دم، اماں رنجِ دہلا سے
میں ذبح سے بچ جاؤں گا، تم قہرِ خدا سے

Ill-treating a well-wisher, strange is your gesture for obligation,
Friend of the foe you are, but for your friend have no affection,
Obstruct not hence my way, and don't believe the misguided rake,
Let the poor way-farer leave this land, for the Heaven sake,
Affliction-free shall I be, distress will also disengage,
I shall be saved of torture of death, and you of Divine rage.

114.

بستی میں کہیں ہمسکن و مآوا نہ کروں گا یثرب میں بھی، جلنے ارادہ نہ کروں گا
صابر ہوں، کسی کا کبھی شکوہ نہ کروں گا اس ظلم کا میں ذکر بھی اصلاً نہ کروں گا
رونا نہ چھپے گا، کہ عزیزوں سے چھٹا ہوں
جو پوچھے گا کہ دوں گا، کہ جتن میں لٹا ہوں

I promise you, I sojourn not, in any habitation,
Nor do I intend to make Yathrib, as my destination,
Fortitudinous as I am, never shall I complain,
And utter not a word, for this suffering and pain,
Weeping shall I cease not, as relatives I have lost,
I shall tell my questioner, that to the worst loot I was cast.

115.

اعدائے کہا، قہرِ خدا سے، نہیں ڈرتے ناری تو ہیں دوزخ کی جفا سے نہیں ڈرتے
فسر یا درِ رسولِ دوسرا سے، نہیں ڈرتے خاتونِ قیامت کی بکاس سے، نہیں ڈرتے
ہم لوگ جدھر دولتِ دنیا ہے، اُدھر ہیں
اللہ سے کچھ کام نہیں، بندہ زر ہیں

The enemies mirthfully replied : "Divine wrath deters us not,
We are indeed infernal creatures, fear of Hell dithers us not,
Even the grief of the Holy Prophet, comes not too our way,
Worthless are to us the sighs, of the Lady of the Day,
We are only the lovers of wealth, we are the men of passion,
We have nothing to do with God, we are the slaves of Mammon.

116.

حضرت نے کہا، خیر خبر دار صفوں سے ! آیا غضب اللہ کا، ہشیار صفوں سے !
بجلی ساگزرجاؤں کا، ہر بار صفوں سے کب بختی رکتے ہیں دوچار صفوں سے
عزبت کے چلن دیکھ چکے، حرب کو دیکھو !
لو! بندہ زر ہو، تو مری ضرب کو دیکھو !

No matter, said the Leader, "Beware of your rank and row,
The fury of God is sure to befall, beware of your rank and row,
Like lightning shall I pass each time, through your rank and row,
When are the lovers of Five intercepted, by the fewer rank and row ?
My sufferings you have seen enough, now encounter me fight,
If you are but the slaves of money, then face me smite.

117.

یاں گوشہ عزت، نجمِ شمیر نے چھوڑا داں سہم کے چلے کو، ہراک تیر نے چھوڑا
کس قبر سے گھر موت کی تصویر نے چھوڑا ساحل کو صفتِ لشکر بے پیر نے چھوڑا
عنقائے ظفر، فتح کا درکھوں کے نکلا
شہبازِ اجل صید کو پرتول کے نکلا

No sooner was the celestial sword, from the scabbard unleashed,
Arrows, stricken with terror, from their bows were released,
How defiantly did Death dance, how gruesome was its temper,
The infidels left the bank at once, away they ran from the river,
With a promise of triumph, the Phoenix of Victory, dashed outside,
And for a hunt, the Falcon of Death, loomed large each side.

118.

جلوہ کیا، بدن سے نکل کر مہر نونے دکھلائے ہوا میں دو سڑک شمع کی نونے
 ترپا دیا بجلی کلاں سر کی تنگ و دو نے تاکا سپر مہر کو، شمشیر کی ضو نے
 اعدا تو چھپانے لگے، ڈھالوں میں سروں کو
 جبریل نے اونچا کیا گھبرا کے پروں کو

It was like a new moon, appearing from the cloud's frame,
 Or a candle, in the gush of wind, burning into twined flame.
 And, like a flash of lightning, the steed galloped all round,
 The sword-glitter vied the radiance of sun, on the battle-ground,
 The enemy soldiers shielded their heads, helter-skelter they sped,
 Gabriel raised his wings much higher, feeling more agitated.

119.

بالا سے جرائی وہ بلا، جانب پستی بس نیست ہوئی، دم میں تمگا رول کی ہستی
 چلنے لگی یک دست جو شمشیر دوستی معلوم ہوا، غمی، سب کفر کی بستی
 زور ان کے ہر اک ضرب میں، اللہ نے توڑے
 ٹوٹیں جو صفیں، بت اسد اللہ نے توڑے

Upward the sword dashed suddenly, then downward distress it set,
 Upon the legion of oppressors, destruction was instantly beset,
 In the course of its movement, as the two-edged sword made its run,
 Obliterated was the horde, of the faithless and the pagan,
 Smashed, nay effaced were they, by each and every blow of God,
 Like the shattered idols they were, broken by the Lion of God?

120.

بجلی سی جو گر کر صفر کفار سے بجلی آواز، بزن، تیغ کی جھنکار سے بجلی
 گہ ڈھال میں ڈوبی، کبھی تلوار سے بجلی در آئی جو پیکان میں تو سونار سے بجلی
 تھے بند عطا کاروں پہ لورہن و اماں کے
 چلے بھی چھپے جلتے تھے، گوشوں میں کہاں کے

Like a lightning-flash upon the infidels, the sword had grounded,
 "It shall be a total massacre," the tingle of the sword sounded,
 It seated into a shield sometimes, in a sword it penetrated,
 It pierced into arrow's head, and a needle's eye it perforated,
 The wrong-doers quaked, upon them gates of mercy were barred,
 With shame in fact bowed bow-strings, feeling as if marred.

121.

انفلاک پہ چمکی کبھی، سر پر کبھی آئی کوندی کبھی جوشن پہ، سپر پر کبھی آئی
گہر پر گئی سینے پہ، جس پر کبھی آئی ترپنی کبھی پہلو پہ، کسر پر کبھی آئی
طے کر کے پھری کون سا قصہ تھا فرس کا
باقی تھا جو کچھ کاٹ، وہ حصہ تھا فرس کا

Up above the sword glistened, sometimes on the head and bracelet,
Striking its target with great fume, it came upon the armlet,
A heart it cut into two halves, and then smote the chest,
A jolting blow it gave to the waist, and side it did arrest,
It continued actioning, till it had its deed,
And the limbs which were left uncut, were crushed by the steed.

122.

بے پاؤں جدھر ہاتھ سے چلتی ہوئی آئی ندی ادھر ہر خون کی اُبلتی ہوئی آئی
دم بھر میں وہ سورنگ بدلتی ہوئی آئی بنی پنی کے لبو، لعل اُگلتی ہوئی آئی
ہیرا تھا بدن، رنگ زرد سے ہیرا تھا
جو ہرنہ کہو، پیٹ جواہر سے بھرا تھا

Footless it was, but here and there, speedily had it moved,
Gory was the sight all round, and blood from each wound oozed,
In a queer way it changed its colours, each and every moment,
Precious rubies it did spit out, such was its blood's ferment,
Its body was pure diamond, its colour was greenish emerald,
Not with a single gem but gems, its whole belly was stuffed.

123.

زیبا تھا دم جنگ، پری وشن سے کہنا معشوق بنی، مرغ لباس اس نے جو پہنا
اس ادب پہ وہ سر کو جھکائے ہوئے رہنا جو ہر تھے کہ پہننے تھی دوہن سچوں کا گہنا
سیب چن غلڈ کی، بو باس تھی پھل میں
رہتی تھی وہ ہشبیر سے دودھا کی بعل میں

During the course of battle, fairy-like looked its face,
The red robe the sword had worn, lent it but the bridal grace,
Even at its height of glory, its head was humbly bent,
In grace, it was bride-like, attired in floral ornament,
Its blade tasted like Heavenly apple, so did its pointed barb,
By the side of Shabbir-like warrior, it lay hung in its garb.

124.

سر پہلے، تو موج اس کی روانی کو نہ پہنچے قلم کا بھی دھارا ہو، تو پانی کو نہ پہنچے
بجلی کی تڑپ، شعلہ فشاں کو نہ پہنچے خنجر کی زباں تیز زبانی کو نہ پہنچے
دوزخ کی زبافوں سے بھی آگ اُسی بُری تھی
برہمی تھی، کٹاری تھی، سر دہی تھی، پھری تھی

The swift-paced ware of a river, is poorer than its flow,
And the powerful current of the deep sea, is indeed more slow,
Of no worth is the throb of lightning, in scattering flame,
And blunter is the tongue of dagger, if it has a claim,
Worse was in fact its burning flame, infernal fire far better,
It was certainly a lance, a piquet, a razor and a dagger.

125.

موجود بھی ہر غول میں، اور سب سے جدا بھی دم خم بھی، لگا دھب بھی، صفائی بھی، ادا بھی
لک لکھاٹ پہ تھی آگ بھی، پانی بھی، ہوا بھی امرت بھی، ہلاہل بھی، مسیحا بھی، قضا بھی
کیا صاحب جو ہر تھی، عجب ظن تھا اُس کا
موقع تھا جہاں جس کا وہیں صفت تھا اُس کا

Its presence was in every gang, and yet from all asunder,
In purpose and prowess unique was it, heroic in task and temper,
The curve of blade combined fire, air and also water,
It was poison, deadly death, and vivifying like nectar,
How merited was indeed the sword, good-natured it was verily,
And whatever the occasion was, it proved its worth surely.

126.

ہر ڈالے پھولوں کو، اڑاتا تھا پھل اس کا تھا شکر باغی میں، ازل سے عمل اس کا
ڈرجاتی تھی منہ دیکھ کے ہر دم اجل اس کا تھا قلعہ چار آئینہ، گویا عمل اس کا
اس در سے گئی، کھول کے وہ در بیکل آئی
گہ صدر میں بیٹھی، کبھی باہر نکل آئی

The flowers of each and every twig, its blade ever cropped,
And ever since eternity, the heads of rebels it chopped,
Its grim face was all appalling, even Death was but in terror,
Its resting-place was rather, the innermost of the armour,
It entered through a passage sometime, and peeped from another,
It was at times seated in heart, and then it went farther.

127.

تیروں پر گئی، ہر چھبوں والوں کی طرف سے جا پہنچی کہاں دلوں پہ بھالوں کی طرف سے
پھر آئی سواروں پر رسالوں کی طرف سے متبہ تیغوں کی جانب کیا، ڈھالوں کی طرف سے
بس ہو گیا دفتر نظری، نام و نسب کا
لاکھوں تھے تو کیا، لے ہی لیا جائزہ سب کا

From the side of the arrows, it fell upon the lancers,
And passing through the spears, it pounced upon the archers,
Then hitting hard the cavalry, it struck upon the riders,
To the swords it had turned, from the front of the shielders,
The glory of the infidels, had thus faded instantly,
Hundred thousands they were in count, but it scanned them fully.

128.

پہنچی جو سپر پہ تو کلائی کو نہ چھوڑا ہر ہاتھ میں ثابت کسی گھائی کو نہ چھوڑا
شوخی کو، شرارت کو، لڑائی کو نہ چھوڑا تیزی کو، رکھائی کو نہ چھوڑا
اعضائے بدن، قطع ہوئے جاتے تھے سب کے
تنبہ سی زباں جلتی تھی، فقرے تھے غضب کے

As the sword touched the shield, no wrist was there to linger,
And was left not uncut, the unbroken junction of the finger,
Nor did it unabate its fight, playfulness and wantonness,
Nor was it ever lax in grimness, swiftness and harshness,
The limbs of all of them were, but quickly amputated,
Albeit the infidels jabbered, and apt sentences they ejaculated.

129.

چار آئینے والوں کو نہ تھا، جنگ کا یارا چورنگ تھے سینے، تو کلیجہ تھا دو پارا
کہتے تھے نرہ پوش، نہیں جنگ گوارا نک جایتیں تو جانیں، کہ ملی جان دوبارا
جوشن کو سنا تھا، کہ حفاظت کا محل ہے
اس کی نہ خبر تھی، کہ یہی دایم اجل ہے

The armoured heathens, had no strength to fight,
Torn were their chests into four, and livers into left and right,
So out of fear, they shouted and said, "Courage we are shorn,
And if we get our lives spared, second time we are born,
About the armlet we had beard, that it was life-saver,
We never thought that a trap it was, and for us a death-paver'

130.

بدکیش، لڑائی کا چلن بھول گئے تھے نادرک ٹھٹھائی تیرنگن بھول گئے، تھے
 سب حیدگری، عہد شکن بھول گئے تھے بیہوشی میں، ترکش کا دہن بھول گئے تھے
 معلوم نہ تھا، جسم میں جاں ہے کہ نہیں ہے
 چلائے تھے، قبضے میں کہاں ہے کہ نہیں ہے

Erased was the mode of battle, from the infidels' memory,
 And the archers had forgotten, their art of archery,
 The faithless were oblivious, of all the artifice,
 The loss of sense deprived them, of the power of device,
 A nagging feeling surged them all, their bones had no marrow,
 Desperately they screamed, the bow was without arrow.

131.

ڈر ڈر کے قدرِ راست سنانوں نے جھکائے دب دب کے سرِ عجز، کمانوں نے جھکائے
 ہٹ ہٹ کے علمِ رن ہیں، جوانوں نے جھکائے سر، خاک پہ گر گر کے سنانوں نے جھکائے
 قل تھاکہ پناہ اب ہیں یا شاوِ زماں دو
 پھیلانے تھے دامن کو پھر پیسے، کہ اماں دو

Droopingly, and overcome with fear, knelt down the spear heads,
 Crouchingly, and with shame, the bows hung down their heads,
 Falteringly, in the field, the bearers did their standards bend,
 Kneelingly, on the ground, the banners tried them to defend,
 "Peace ! Peace ! O lord of universe !", was but the outcry,
 Grant us amnesty now, we have no longer strength to defy".

132.

شہ کہتے تھے ہے باڑھ پہ دریا، نہ رُکے گا اِس موج پہ آنت کا طہانچہ نہ رُکے گا
 بے نفع و فخر، دبرِ زہرا نہ رُکے گا تا غرق نہ فرعون ہوا، موسیٰ نہ رُکے گا
 ہے سحرِ غضب نام ہے، قہرِ محمد اس کا
 رُکنے کا نہیں شامِ تلک بجز روم اس کا

The Sovereign replied, "Never will ebb the flooded river,
 Respite is hard indeed, and never will cease the wave of terror,
 Nor will stop the son of Fatima, without being victorious,
 Until Pharoah is vanquished, it won't satisfy Moses,
 That is the fury of God, that's Nature's rage,
 Its tide will but continue, till closed is evening's page.

133.

اس صف کے گئے، بیچ سے اس غول سے نکلے جو فوج چڑھی منہ پہ اسے رول کے نکلے
انبوہ سے یوں تیغِ دو سر توں کے نکلے گویا درخبر کو، علیؑ کھول کے نکلے
دُنیا جو بچی، روجِ محمدؐ کا سبب تھا
شبیرؑ اگر رحم نہ کرتے، تو غضب تھا

From this row, in between that brigade, he swiftly passed,
He crushed that unit of the troops, which had then advanced,
Slashing the double-edged sword, through crowds he sauntered,
As if Ali came out of Khyber, after the fort he had captured,
For the Blessed Soul of the Prophet, the world survived destruction,
Hadn't Shabbir relented his rage, inevitable were world's perdition.

134.

لڑتے تھے، مگر غیض سے رحمت تھی زیادہ شفقت بھی نہ کم تھی، جو شہادت تھی زیادہ
نانا کی طرح، خاطرِ اُمت تھی زیادہ بیٹوں سے، غلاموں کی محبت تھی زیادہ
تلوار نہ ماری جسے منہ موڑتے دیکھا
آنسو نکل گئے، جسے دم توڑتے دیکھا

He fought and fought, but more than rage, was his grace.
No less was his love for men, but bravery was in its own place,
Very like his own grand-father, the good of mankind he did crave,
He never loved his son better, than had loved his own slave,
Never did he wield the sword, when one was found undefying,
And shed tears in utter grief, when a soul he noticed dying.

135.

نہ ملتے تھے، اعدا کو ترانی سے بھگا کر کیوں چھوڑ دیا گھاٹ کو، رو کو ہیں آ کر
دعوت یوں ہی کرتے ہیں، مسافر کو بلا کر؛ ہم چاہیں تو پانی بھی پئیں نہر میں جا کر
پر صبر کے دریا ہیں، ہمیں پیاس نہیں ہے
اب زہریہ پانی ہے کہ عباسؑ نہیں ہے

Having driven the enemy out from the river-side, he did say,
Why have you fled from the river, come, and block our way,
Is an invited guest, treated in such a cruel manner ?
Should it please us, we can drink even the river's water,
But alas ! fortitude has quenched our thirst for ever,
This water is now venom for us, since Abbas lives no longer.

136.

بھولی نہیں اکبر کی ہیں تشنہ دہانی وہ چاند سائخ 'وہ تدر و تامت' وہ جوان
وہ سوکھے ہوئے ہونٹ وہ ابجاز بیانی دکھلا کے زباں مانگتے تھے نزع میں پانی
کس سے کہیں جو خون جگر ہم نے پیلا ہے
بعد لیے پسر کے بھی کہیں باپ جیا ہے؟

Yet fresh in our mind is, the oppressive thirst of Akbar,
His bright face, his bursting youth, his stately stature,
How parched were his lips, how marvellous was his eloquence,
'Water, water', said he dying, with dried lips he made utterance,
Whom to tell what we have suffered, for there isn't anyone,
Has ever a father lived, after the death of such a son ?

137.

یہ کہہ کر سکینہ کے ہشتی کو مہکاوے اُلفت ہیں لے آئی ہے پھر پاس تہاے
دشے ہوئے آپہنچے ہیں دریا کے کنارے جہاس! غش آتا ہے ہیں پیاس کے لمے
ان سوکھے ہوئے ہونٹوں سے ہونٹوں کو ملا دو
کچھ مشک میں پانی ہوتا بھائی کو بلا دو

Having uttered these words, he called Sakina's water-carrier,
O brother! your love once more has brought us nearer,
River-bank we have captured, in the raging fight,
But brutal thirst, O Abbas ! has effected sense and sight,
Put your parched lips, upon these lips dried,
If left is a little water, let your brother be supplied.

138.

لیٹے ہوئے ہو ریت میں کیوں منہ کو چھپائے اٹھو! کر سکینہ کو یہاں ہم نہیں لائے
غافل ہو برادر تمہیں کس طرح جگائے ہے عھر کا وقت! اے اسلام اللہ کے جلے!
خوش ہوں گا میں آگے جو علم لے کے بڑھو گے
کیا بھائی کے پیچھے نہ نماز آج پڑھو گے؟

Why lying on the sand, with hidden face, O brother ! now cheer,
Rise I to Sakina, we haven't brought here,
Fast asleep you are, it's hard for the brother to awaken,
O son of God's Lion it's afternoon, by Heaven,
It shall please us, if you advance with the raised banner,
Aren't you going to pray with brother, in the usual manner ?

139.

کہہ کر یسغن، رونے لگا بھائی کو بھائی
تلاؤ سے مہلت، ہتم ایجا دوں نے پائی
جس نوح نے دن چھوڑ دیا تھا، وہ پھر آئی
دو روز کے پلے پہ گھٹا شام کی چھائی
بارش ہوئی تیروں کی، ولی ابن ولی پر
سب ٹوٹ پڑے مل کے حسین ابن علی پر

Having thus said, the brother wept for his brother,
And when the tyrants, felt sword-wounds no longer,
The multitude swarmed, to battlefield retreating their ways,
The Syrian army fell upon him, who had been thirsting for days,
Shower of arrows pierced the Saint, whose father was Saintly,
Assaulted was Husain b. Ali, by the tyrants most cruelly.

140.

کی شہ نے جو سینے پہ نظر، پونچھ کے آنسو
سب چھائی سے تھے پہلوؤں تک تیر سہ پہلو
ہر سمت سے تیغیں، جو لگاتے تھے جفا جو
سالم نہ کلائی تھی، نہ شانہ تھا، نہ بازو
برگشتہ زمانہ تھا شہ تشنہ گلو سے
پھل برچھیوں کے مرغ تھے ہند کے ہو سے

Mopping the tears, the Sovereign cast, a glance at his chest,
Three-pointed arrows had pierced him, from waist to chest,
With spears from each side, the devils assaulted the Imam,
Wounded was each limb of his body; wrist, shoulder and arm,
Pitted against him was the world, worst were the circumstances,
Stained with his very blood were, the blades of all the lances.

141.

جھک جاتے تھے ہرنے پہ جو غش میں، شہ ابرار
منہ پھیر کے، آقا کی طرف نکلتا تھا رہوار
چمکار کے فرماتے تھے، شبیر دل انگار
اب خاتمہ جنگ ہے، اے سپہ وفادار
اتریں گے بس اب بھڑے، چٹا ساتھ ہمارا
نے پاؤں ترے چلتے ہیں، نہ ہاتھ ہمارا

Clung to the saddle, each blow made him weaker and weaker,
Turning his own face to his master, dolefully looked the charger,
To him said broken-hearted Shabbir, to him again be caressed,
O faithfill horse ! now the battle has almost ended,
It's now the parting time, shortly we are going to alight,
Our hand has ceased functioning, thou too hast lost thy might.

142.

زخمی ہے، نہیں اب تری تکلیف گوارا کرتے ہیں، سنبھلنے کا نہیں اب ہمیں یارا
کیا بات تری، خوب دیا ساتھ ہمارا آپہنچا ہے منزل پر ید اللہ کا پیارا
تو جس میں پلا ہے، وہ گھراک دم میں لڑے گا
بچپن کا ہمارا ترا، اب ساتھ چھٹے سکا

Mortally wounded them art now, thy pain we can bear no longer,
Powerless to support we are, at any moment we can falter,
Praiseworthy art thou indeed, as thou hast served us well,
Destination we have reached, here Ali's darling shall ever dwell,
The house where thou hast lived, shall instantly be looted,
Ever since the childhood days, we are going to be dissociated.

143.

گھیرے ہیں عدد، خیمے تک جا نہیں سکتے کوئی ہے جو طاقت، اسباب پا نہیں سکتے
مشکل ہے سنبھلنا، تجھے دوڑا نہیں سکتے پہلو ترے مجروح ہیں، ٹھکرا نہیں سکتے
جیواں کو بھی دکھ ہوتا ہے زخموں کے تعب کا
میں درد رسیدہ ہوں، مجھے درد ہے سب کا

The enemies have besieged us, we cannot go to the camp,
Strained out of vigour we are, and thus we feel all damp,
It's hard now to maintain ourselves, and we can't make thee run,
Thy sides are badly wounded, so we can't spur thee anon,
The animal in fact feels the hurt, and certainly its rigours,
Aggrieved and afflicted we are too, we feel the pains of others

144.

کس طرح دکھاؤں کہ تیرے زخم ہیں کاری میں نے تو کسی دن، تجھے تمچی نہیں ماری
گھوڑے نے سُنیں، درد کی باتیں جو پیاری دو ندیاں اشکوں کی ہوئیں، آنکھوں سے جاری
جیواں کو بھی رقت ہوئی، اس لطف و کرم پر
مہنہ رکھ دیا مڑ کر، شہ والا کے قدم پر

How to show to thee, how wounded art thou from hoof to mane,
Never never have we touched thee, even with a single soft cane,
As the steed listened these words, his heart indeed mellowed,
And from the eyes of the charger, two big streams of tears flowed,
The animal wept, and deeply touched was the charger,
He turned his face and placed it, upon the foot of his master.

145.

گردن کو ہلایا کہ مسیحا ! نہ اترے
 دم ہے ابھی مجھ میں مے آقا ! نہ اترے
 تلواریں لے کر دہیں اعدا، نہ اترے
 سب فوج چڑھی آئی ہے مولا ! نہ اترے
 اے دلے ستم، صد نشیں خاک نشیں ہو
 حسرت ہے کہ مر جاؤں تو خالی مرازیں ہو

Shaking his head, he said to his nourisher, My liege ! don't alight,
 An ounce of strength, I yet have my master, My liege ! don't alight,
 All around, the assassins are with swords, My liege ! don't alight,
 The enemies are advancing in large hordes, My liege ! don't alight,
 Woe to tyranny ! the seater of canopy, be reduced to dust and mire,
 I wish not to be unsaddled, by the time I expire.

146.

سب نے کہا، تا چند مسافر سے محبت
 وہ تو نے کیا، ہوتا ہے جو حقِ رفاقت
 بتلا ہے سنبھلنے کی، سبھلا کون سی صورت
 نہ ہاتھ میں، نہ پاؤں میں، نہ قلب میں طاقت
 بہتر ہے کہ اتروں نہیں، تیور لکے گردن کا
 پھٹ جائیں گے سب زخم، جوش کھاکے گردن کا

The Sovereign spoke, "ow long can one love a passenger ?,
 Thou art a tine replica, of a faithful charger,
 Tell us, what is the way of maintaining hold ?
 When the heart, hands and feet are uncontrolled,
 It's better to alight, than reelingly fall,
 The wounds shall ope, if we unconsciously fall.

147.

ہے عصر کا ہنگام، مناسب ہے اترنا
 اس خاک پہ ہے شکر کا سجدہ ہمیں کرنا
 گو مرحلہ صعب ہے، دنیا سے گزرنا
 سجدے میں کئے سر، کہ سعادت ہے یہ مرنا
 طاعت میں خدا کی نہیں، صمدِ قدن دسر کا
 ذی حق ہیں ہم ہی اس کے کہ در نہ ہے پدر کا

It's almost afternoon, and dismounting is a must,
 We hare to bow to God Almighty, on this very dust,
 Though the course of death, certainly most torturous,
 Yet martyrdom, and that too in prayer, is most auspicious,
 Severance of head from body, for God's glory greater,
 Righteous are we, and martyrdom is a legacy, from our pater.

148.

اُتر ایسے سخی کہہ کے، وہ کوئین کا والی خاتم سے نگیں گر گیا، زریں ہو گیا خالی
اس دکھ میں نہ یاد رکھتے، نہ مولائے موالی خود ٹھیک کے تلوار کو، سینکڑے شہر عالی
کپڑے تن پر نور کے سب خوں میں بھرے تھے
اک ہاتھ کو، ہوار کی گردن پہ دھرے تھے

Having said so, the master of the worlds alighted for ever,
Unfixed was the precious stone from a ring, the saddle lost its cover,
To share sorrow, no friend was there, no supporter of the lord,
Abetting his sword, came down the Sovereign, it was really hard,
Smeared with blood were the raiments, of the Being of Light,
He lay a hand on the neck of horse, with the remaining might.

149.

منہ یال پر رکھ رکھ کے، یہ فرماتے تھے ہریار جا ڈیوڑھی پہنیا صاحبِ معراج کے رہوار!
اب ذبح کریں گے، ہمیں اک دم میں سنگار زینب سے یہ کہنا، کہ سکیںہ سے خبردار
رہنا وہیں جب تک مرا سترن سے جدا ہو
لے جائیو بانو کو جدھر حکیم خدا ہو

He placed his lips, on the horse's mane, giving such a vent,
O charger of the Holy Prophet ! Ye go to the door of the tent,
The tyrants shall slay its, within no time for nothing,
Tell Zainab to be careful of Sakina, who is our most darling,
And stay there, so long as we aren't beheaded,
Take Bano whither the Almighty wishes, her way to be threaded.

150.

یہ کہہ کے جو سر کا اسد اللہ کا جایا اک تیر جہیں پر بن اشعث نے لگایا
فسر یاد نے زہرا کی دو عالم کو ہلایا پیکان سے پہلے، عقب سر نکل آیا
ترپے نہ زہرے صبر امام دو جہاں کا
سوکا رنے بوسہ لیا مسجد کے نشان کا

The son of the Lion of God moved, after having these words said,
Bin Ash'as shot a cruel arrow, on his sacred forehead,
The shrieks of Zahra, shook the entire universe,
The three-pointed arrow, breaking his head did pierce,
Of the leader of two worlds, fortitude was the only weapon,
The arrow kissed indeed, the impression of submission.

151.

حضرت نے جبیں سے ابھی کھینچا تھا نہ وہ تیر
جو سر پہ لگی تیغ بن مالک بے پیر
ابرو تک اتر کر جو اٹھی ظلم کی شمشیر
سر تھام کے بس بیٹھ گئے نہاکٹ پہ شبیر
چلائے ملک دیجھ کے خوں سبط بنی کا
تھا حال یہی مسجد کوفہ میں علی کا

The Blessed Soul had not yet drawn, the arrow from his forehead,
The misguided Bin Ma'lik hit hard, with a sword upon his head,
Breaking the head unto the eyebrow, the cruel sword made its way,
Shabbir was razed to the ground, losing alas his sway,
Gushing was the blood of the Sire, the angels cried in agitation,
Each said that in the mosque of Kufa, Ali had the same condition.

152.

بیٹھے جو سوئے قبلہ دوڑا تو شہر بے پر
بھکتے تھے کبھی غش میں اٹھاتے تھے کبھی سر
تھے ذکرِ خدا میں کہ لگا تیر دہن پر
یا تو تہیے ڈوب کے خوں میں لب اطر
بہہ آ یا ہو، تا بہ زخمدانِ مبارک
ٹھنڈے ہوئے دو گوہرِ دندانِ مبارک

Sitting towards the Ka'ba, was the helpless Sovereign,
He raised his head upside down, into a coma he had fallen,
But he was worshipping God, that an arrow his mouth pierced,
And like a ruby appeared his lips, after being blood-smeared,
Like a fount, the blood flowed, and down the chin it came,
Uprooted were two gem-like teeth, and jolted was his frame.

153.

نیزے کا بن وہمپے پہلو پہ کیا وار
کاندھے پہ چلی ساتھ زرارہ کی بھی تلوار
ناوک بن کاہل کا کیلجے کے ہوا پار
بازو میں در آیا تمبرِ خوئیٰ خوشخوار
تلوار سے وقفہ نہ ملا چنڈ نفس کا
دم روک گیا، نیزہ جو رکنا ابن انس کا

With a lance attacked his thigh, Bin Wahhab the lancer,
And with a sword Zararah too, had assaulted his shoulder,
The arrow of Bin Kahil had, his heart perforated,
And the axe of murderous Khuli, had his arm amputated,
The blow of the sword, he could have expanded,
That with the spear of Ibn Ins, his breath was suspended.

154.

تھڑا کے چھلکے، بسمدہ حق میں شہر ابرار شورِ ڈہلِ فتح ہوا، فوج میں اکٹ بار
خوش ہو کے پکارا، پسر سعد جفا کار اے خوئی و شیت و بن ذی الجوشن جبار!
آنحدر ہے بس اس کام، امامِ ازیلی کا
سر کاٹ دوسب ملے حسینؑ ابن علیؑ کا

With a shudder, the Sovereign knelt, prostrating to God's glory,
The heathen army beat the drums, for the joy of the victory,
Bursting with joy, the son of Sa'd, made a clarion call,
O Khooli ! O Shees ! O Shimr ! great warriors you are all,
Overcome him, for death-stricken is the Leader Impeccable,
Behead Husain b. Ali now, all of you who are capable.

155.

لکھتا ہے یہ راوی کہ بپا ہو گیا عشر ہارہ ستم ایک بار بڑھے، کھینچ کے خنجر
اک سیدہ نکلی، درخیمہ سے کھلے سر برق ستھا، نہ مقنع ستھا، نہ موزے تھے، نہ چپا
چلائے لعین، خوف سے ہاتھ آنکھوں پہ دھرے
لو، فاطمہؑ آتی ہے بچانے کو پسر کے

So has a narrator said, it was like the Day of Resurrection,
Twelve tyrants advanced, with drawn daggers, in extreme jubilation,
A lady then appeared, from the door of a tent,
Unveiled and uncloaked, she did lament,
The accursed creatures shouted, with hands their eyes covering.
For safeguarding her son, Lady Fatima was coming.

156.

ہلتا تھا نلک، ہاتھوں نے جب پٹی تھی سر بجلی کی طرح، کوندتے تھے کانوں کے گوہر
فرماتی تھیں، فتنہ جو اڑھا دیتی تھی معجز فریادی ہوں، فریادی کو زریا نہیں چادر
مرنگے یوں ہی جاؤں گی، روضہ پہ نبیؐ کے
پردہ تو گیا ساتھ حسینؑ ابن علیؑ کے

Shrill were her shrieks, piteous was her chest-beating,
And glistened so her ear-rings, as if a flash of lightning,
With cries she said to Fizza, who covered her with a wrapper,
I am a complainant, and the complainant needs no cover,
Unveiled shall I visit the Prophet's grave, in this very manner,
With Husain has gone my veil, for ever, for ever, for ever.

157.

اس بیڑ میں آکر، وہ ضعیفہ یہ پکاری اے سبطِ نبیؐ، ابنِ علیؑ عاشقِ باری !
گھوڑا تو ہے کوتل، کدھڑا تری ہے سواری بھیا ! بہن آئی ہے زیارت کو تمہاری
مرجاؤں گی، حضرت کو جو پانے کی نہیں میں
بے آپ کو دیکھے ہوئے، جانے کی نہیں میں

Thus before the mass of men, the revered lady did call,
O grandson of the Holy Prophet ! O lover of God of all !,
Riderless is the horse now, whither has been your exit ?,
O brother ! your sister has come for a visit,
Most certainly shall I die, if I see you not,
Never to homeward shall I ply, if I see you not

158.

اُس وقت شہرہ دیں نے ہستی زاریٰ خواہر جس وقت کہ تھا، حلقِ مبارک تہہ خنجر
فرمایا اشارے سے کہ اے شمرِ ستگر زینبؓ نکل آئی ہے، ٹھہر جا ابھی دم بھر
آخر تو سفر ہو تلہ ہے، اس دایمٰن سے
دو باتیں تو کر لینے دے بھائی کو بہن سے

That time the Sovereign heard, the meanings of his sister,
When placed upon his sacred throat, was the assassin's dagger,
With a gesture he said, O Shimr ! O murderer ! O butcher !
Stay for a moment, as Zainab has come out,
O slayer ! After all, we are passing from this mortal world,
Let the brother speak and the sister be heard.

159.

منہ پھیر لیا، شمر نے خنجر کو ہٹا کے دی شہ نے، یہ زینب کو صدا انکس بہانے
ترہ پاتی ہو بھائی کو، بہن بلوے میں آ کے دیکھو گی کسے ہم تو ہیں پنجہ میں قضا کے
اٹھ سکے نہیں، جسم پہ تلواریں پڑی ہیں
گھبراؤ نہ، اماں مرے پہلو میں کھڑی ہیں

The assassin, Shimr, turned his face, and dagger he withdrew,
The Sovereign called out Zainab, shedding tears of rue,
By appearing in this sea of tumult, you have pained your brother,
We are in the jaws of death, whom do you wish to see, my sister ?
We cannot rise now, as swords have our body slain,
Fidget not, by our side, mother is standing in pain.

160.

دوڑی یہ صدائیں کے، یڈ اللہ کی جانی چلائی کہ دیدار تو میں دیکھ لوں بھائی
پرہائے! بہن بھائی تلک آنے نہ پائی یاں ہو گئی سید کے تن دسر میں جُدائی
قاتل کو، نہ گردن کو، نہ شمشیر کو دیکھا
پہونچیں تو سناں پر، سرِ شبیر کو دیکھا

Having heard these words, the sister did race,
She cried, "O brother ! may I once cast a look at your face,"
But alas ! the hapless sister, couldn't reach her brother,
And severed was the head of Syed, by a tyrant's dagger,
Neither the assassin, nor the sword, nor the neck was beheld,
When she reached, seen was Shabbir's head, on a spear held.

161.

سر دیکھ کے بھائی کا ادہ بیس یہ پکاری دکھ پائی بہن، آپ کی مظلومی کے داری
خنجر سے یہ گردن کی رگین کٹ گئیں ساری تم مر گئے، پوچھے گا خبر کون ہماری
آفت میں پھنسی، آل رسول عربی کی
اب جاتیں کہاں، بیٹیاں، زہرا و علی کی

Beholding her brother's severed head, the sister cried in agitation,
Were I dead but for you brother! O victim of the worst aggression !
You are done to death, O brother ! you are silenced for ever,
Who will look after us now, O badly butchered brother !,
The progeny of the Messenger of God, are surrounded by ill fate,
The daughters of Ali and Fatima, are shelterless now at any rate.

162.

ہے ہے، پسر صاحبِ معراج حسینا! پردیس میں بیوؤں کا ثنا راج، حسینا!
گویا کہ علی، قتل ہوئے آج، حسینا! ہے ہے، کفن دگور کے قتلج، حسینا!
پُر سا بھی ترا دیئے کو، آتا نہیں کوئی
لاشہ بھی زمیں پر سے اٹھاتا نہیں کوئی

"How sorrowful! O grand-son of the Prophet of Ascent!, O Husain!,
How doleful ! O supporter of widows ! most decent, O Husain !,
How sad ! as if Ali was killed this day, O Husain !,
How bad ! your corpse is unshrouded in a miserable way,
O Husain, Your death is unconsolated, no mourning man is seen,
And lying is the body on the ground, ah ! how the brutes demean

163.

بھیا ! مرا کوئی نہیں، تم خوب ہو آگاہ احمد ہیں، نہ زہرا، نہ حسن، ہیں نہ یالند
 ڈھارس تھی بہت آپ کی یا سیدِ ذی جاہ چھوڑا مجھے جنگل میں یہ کیا قہر کیا، آہ !
 چلتے ہوئے کچھ مجھ سے نہ فرما گئے بھائی
 بھینا کو نجف تک بھی نہ پہنچا گئے بھائی

“Were I but for you butchered, my Sovereign ! my Syed !
 O O dagger-cut ! O sword-slaughtered ! my Sovereign ! my Syed !,
 O starved ! O helpless and hapless ! my Sovereign ! my Syed !,
 Your head is with murderer, all merciless, my Sovereign, my Syed !,
 You summon not your sister, and make even no utterance,
 But keep on staring, with what a gloomy despondence.

164.

بھیا ! مرا کوئی نہیں، تم خوب ہو آگاہ احمد ہیں، نہ زہرا، نہ حسن، ہیں نہ یالند
 ڈھارس تھی بہت آپ کی یا سیدِ ذی جاہ چھوڑا مجھے جنگل میں یہ کیا قہر کیا، آہ !
 چلتے ہوئے کچھ مجھ سے نہ فرما گئے بھائی
 بھینا کو نجف تک بھی نہ پہنچا گئے بھائی

How spineless I am, you know very well, my brother,
 Neither Ahmad, nor Ali, nor Zahra, nor Hasan lives any longer,
 You were the source of my strength, but alas I you are slain,
 Gone for good you're O brother !, leaving me in the darkling plain,
 Nothing, nothing, you could speak O brother I, at the time of parting,
 To Najaf at least you could take sister, when you were departing.

165.

اے میرے شہید ! اے مرے مانجائے برادر کس سے ترا لاشہ بہن اٹھولے برادر
 کس طرح مرے دل کو قرار آئے برادر پانی بھی نہ قاتل نے دیا، ہائے برادر
 انسان پستیم یوں کبھی انسان نہیں کرتا
 حیوان کو بھی پیا سا کوئی بے جاں نہیں کرتا

O mother's son ! O martyr ! O brother ! my dear !,
 How to get for you a grave, no pall-bearer is here,
 O brother I how to comfort my heart, and how to console my feeling,
 Extremely thirsty you are slain, when in prayer kneeling,
 Never has a mortal man, been so badly maltreated,
 Slaughtered is not even an animal, unless its thirst is satiated.

فاموش انیس! اب کہے دل سینے میں پین بکھے نہیں جاتے ہیں جو زینب نے کئے ہیں
 اب حق سے دُعا مانگے کہ اے خالقِ کونین حاسد ہیں بہت! دل کو عطا کر مرے تو چین
 ناحق ہے عداوت انہیں اس ہیمداں سے
 بے تیغ کئے جاتے ہیں شمشیرِ زہاں سے

Speak not a word Anis, for the heart feels unsated,
 The heart-rending cries of Zainab, can no more be stated,
 Now pray God, the Almighty, the Giver of all grace,
 To ward me off the jealous, and bring my heart solace,
 Inimical they are to this ignoramous creature, for nothing,
 By the sword of tongue, they are cut into fissure, for nothing.